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# THE MONTH

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## *Cardinal Bellarmine.*

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### PART THE FIRST.

THE age of the great religious disturbances in Europe will always present a wide field for the talents of a biographer, and the pugnacity of a controversialist. The characters which it exhibits are so numerous, the discussions in which they were engaged so pregnant, and the results which followed the onslaught of Luther and Calvin so important, that in proportion as we recede from the period of these convulsions, our interest, far from diminishing, tends rather to increase. Moreover, the difficulties which at this moment surround the Anglican Establishment are a sufficient motive for us to turn to the life of a man who accidentally played no unimportant part in its foundation. He wielded his pen so successfully in the Catholic cause that Anglican theologians found it difficult to hold their ground against him. "I esteem Bellarmine," wrote Whittaker to Cecil, "as a man of deep learning, of happy wit, of subtle judgment and much reading, acting in a more open and straightforward manner than Papists generally act, supporting an argument with more life than any other man, and never straying from his subject." "Grant him," says the Anglican Bishop Morton, "solidity of wit, knowledge of languages, vast erudition, and if you will a perfect understanding of scholastic theology. I will not deny him this." And the truth of these concessions was secretly acknowledged by all the apostles of Elizabeth. They felt the Jesuit to be no contemptible opponent, and if they wished their work to prosper they saw the necessity of meeting argument by argument and thesis by thesis. Elizabeth founded an anti-Bellarmino chair at Oxford, for the special object of training ecclesiastics to answer the writings of her opponent. Another was soon after established at Cambridge. James the First would not leave to others the duty of answering him, but descended into the arena of controversy by attacking him in an anonymous work entitled, *Tripli nodo triplex cuneus*. Bellarmine accepted the challenge, and in his answer showed how the

theological monarch supported false suppositions with bad arguments, and fully exemplified the adage of the triple chord not being easily broken. Thus from a variety of causes, from being first an assailant and then a defendant, Cardinal Bellarmine helped to sharpen the wits of Anglican theologians, and to produce some works on Anglican divinity. And now three centuries later it will not be unprofitable to turn to his life at the moment when "the fair form of Catholic Christianity which," in the words of Alison, "has arisen in the British Isles, imbued with the spirit of the Universal Church, but destitute of the rancour of its deluded sectaries, borrowing from the religion of Rome its charity, adopting from the Lutheran Church its morality," is in spite of its borrowings and its adoptions, of its charity and its morality, presenting to the world the unpleasant spectacle of disagreement among its rulers, of discord among its pastors, and of disunion among its people.

Robert Francis Romulus Bellarmine was born at Monte Pulciano, a small town in the south-eastern corner of Tuscany, on October 4, 1542. Of his parentage and childhood his biographers have left us a very fair account. His father was for many years the chief magistrate of his native city, and his mother was more honoured in the person of her brother,<sup>1</sup> who was raised to the Pontifical Throne under the title of Marcellus the Second, than in being the wife of a Gonfaloniere. In many respects she was a remarkable woman. She was of a retiring disposition, which sprang not from any moroseness in her character, but from a Christian modesty, the fruit of daily meditation, frequent fasts, and a not uncommon use of the discipline. Exceedingly charitable to the poor, she was likewise exceedingly careful in the education of her children, and planted in their hearts those seeds of piety which were one day to bear such abundant fruit, particularly in the person of Robert. Possessed of an unruffled temper, she exhibited in every turn of fortune that evenness of mind and steady self-command which is a sure test of virtue, and well became the mother of a Jesuit. She showed no sign of joy or sorrow at the reception of news which was at least calculated to extort some expression of her feelings, for she was neither puffed up at the elevation of her brother, nor dejected at his sudden death, but both before his election and after his decease she looked upon herself as a simple daughter of the Church, and sought in all things to bring her

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Cervino.

own feelings in conformity to the will of her Creator. Her first acquaintance with the Society of Jesus was formed by means of Paschal Broët, one of the ten companions of St. Ignatius, and from the moment of this acquaintance there arose in her breast so strong an attachment for the Society, that, surmounting every natural affection, she desired her five boys to consecrate themselves to God among the followers of Loyola. If this desire was not accomplished in its fullest extent, it was compensated for by the quality of the one gift she made.

The anecdotes which have been handed down to us of Bellarmine's childhood harmonize well with his conduct in riper years. He was not fond of games, nor if he had gone to College would he ever have become a College hero, still he possessed an influence over his companions sufficient even by his presence to check the slightest immodesty in their conversation, and to put a general curb on their conduct. And he was not disliked on this account, since it was not the domineering of an equal, but the authority of a superior which was recognized and loved. His comrades saw him so frequently in the Church that they respected him for his piety, and candour and ingenuousness were so vividly expressed in his countenance and shadowed forth in his actions that they liked him for a play-fellow. From his youngest days the future Cardinal showed a decided inclination for ecclesiastical things. There is a tradition of his fasting during Lent and Advent, and another of his going to his father's farm to preach to the farm labourers. At home he would dress up an altar, and when he had fully provided himself with candlesticks, and missal, and other altar ornaments would begin to imitate a priest saying Mass, after which he would mount an arm-chair, which with his sister's help he had decorated with a patchwork of drapery, and with his head just visible over its huge back would harangue his youthful auditory and exhort them to piety. This and the singing of sacred hymns constituted his sole enjoyments. If these stories be true, we are not anxious to examine the process by which a clever and pious youth was transformed into one of the cleverest and most pious of men. It was the change of the chrysalis into the butterfly, or of the bud into the full blown rose.

However eloquent his sermons may have been in the opinion of his brothers and sisters, Robert applied himself vigorously and successfully to his books. He was endowed with rare abilities, but he considered this to be no excuse for idleness.

From his youth he understood the truth of the maxim that great application and not great talents is the high road to distinction. He early acquired a taste for Latin poetry, but never showed a preference for that style of composition to which the greater part of his life was to be devoted. Virgil, and not Cicero, was his favourite author; and he has been known when quite a lad to have passed the greater part of the night, absorbed either in the story of *Æneas*, or in acquiring some agricultural knowledge from the *Georgics*. Through this constant study he soon picked up the mechanism of Latin verse-making, and, when he wished, could pour forth his sapphics or hexameters by hundreds, all as well finished and as smooth as the needles which are produced by a Birmingham manufactory. But we must not rashly conclude that his Latin versification consisted in a mere knowledge of the rules of prosody, or in an harmonious arrangement of nouns and epithets. The smoothness of his lines was but the dress of an elegant thought, and we are assured that at sixteen he drew tears from the eyes of those who heard him recite a short poem he had written in praise of Cardinal de' Nobili; whilst one of his odes, in honour of St. Mary Magdalen, has found its way into the Roman Breviary;<sup>2</sup> and another, in honour of the Holy Ghost, is frequently quoted as a model of genuine poetry. Like Pope, who from the seclusion of Windsor forest dedicated a few lines to all the monarchs of Europe, Bellarmine from the retirement of his home sang of all the virtues of a Christian. His first poetic attempt was in praise of virginity, and his last, previous to entering the noviceship, was an heroic poem on the opposition with which his father and some of his family resisted his wish to become a religious. As he grew older, and became more engaged in business, his love for Latin poetry diminished, though at no period of his life did he show any affection for the prose writers of the Augustan age. This may possibly be accounted for by the fact that in the composition of his own works he was so pressed for time as to be unable to pay any attention to style; and consequently, if the pleasure which Tacitus and Livy might afford could not induce him to read them, neither would the desire of being esteemed an elegant Latin writer persuade him to study them. Bellarmine's writings are not rhetorical, but simple, clear, and pointed. He states facts and lays down arguments, but does not charm his readers by any display of ornament. He

<sup>2</sup> The hymn for Vespers, *Pater superni luminis.*

eschews prefaces and plunges at once into his subject, overwhelming us with quotations from Scripture and the Fathers which are most apt to the point, and proving his propositions with a copiousness of demonstration which shows a rich and fertile imagination. He is fond of condensing, and in his ascetical works seems to take a pleasure in suggesting as many ideas as possible, and in leaving to others the task of filling up the outline and of drawing conclusions.

Nobody will be astonished, considering the piety of his childhood, that before he had completed his teens Bellarmine had resolved upon leaving the world. For some time, however, he was in doubt whether to become a secular priest or a religious. But the desire which urged him to his first determination finally decided his choice. He fled the world because worldly prosperity had no charm for him. He fled the ecclesiastical state because he wished to avoid ecclesiastical honours; and amongst the religious orders there was one which took a special vow of renouncing such dignities. To this, then, he turned his eyes, and wrote to Laynez, the second General of the Jesuits, craving for admission: "In the Name of Jesus Christ," he said, "give me a lowly place in your holy Society, in which by His grace I feel inspired both to live and to die. It is a favour which I value incomparably more than all the fortunes of the world, and there is not a purple in Rome which I would not willingly exchange for your holy habit. Had circumstances permitted, I would have made this request in person, and I would never have quitted your feet until you had invested me. I feel assured you cannot refuse a favour I desire so ardently; but since my own unworthiness may possibly render you insensible to the eagerness of my wishes, I ask it in the name of my uncle, who cherished the Society so affectionately, and would have loaded it with benefits if his life had been spared. Remember, Reverend Father, that I am the nephew of Marcellus the Second, and let this be a reason for receiving me among your children, since of all imaginable titles the only one I value is to be called the last of all the novices of the Society of Jesus." At the same time Robert's cousin, Richard Cervino, whilst prosecuting his studies at Padua, made a like request. Laynez was delighted with the acquisition his Order would receive in their persons, and immediately forwarded an answer which was conditionally favourable. He would receive them provided they could obtain their fathers' consent. The two fathers consulted,

and were chagrined to see their sons voluntarily renounce every preferment. They were indifferent about their becoming priests, but if they chose the ecclesiastical state, they desired them to rise to distinction, and consequently would rather have seen them clothed in the soutan of a secular, or the white robe of a Dominican, in preference to the black gown of a Jesuit. They informed them of this desire, and thought that a year's residence together at Padua might possibly persuade them to comply with it. Never, however, were expectations more sadly deceived. Mutual contact only strengthened their resolution, and their lives were so edifying as to induce Laynez to reckon their postponement as a year of their probation. Prior to his final departure for Rome, Bellarmine returned to Monte Pulciano to bid farewell to his parents. The last interview with his father was most affecting. On his knees the fervent youth begged a paternal benediction. His father burst into tears. It was the sacrifice of Abraham repeated, since Robert was the most talented and best beloved of his children. But it was a sacrifice which God demanded, and Vincent Bellarmine was too good a Christian to hold back. "Go, my son," were his parting words, "go where God calls you. I sacrifice to Him in your person all the hopes of my family." Little did the father think that by this permission he would immortalize the family name of Bellarmine.

On September 20, 1560, Robert Bellarmine entered the novitiate of St. Andrew. His stay there was a short one, for he made as much progress in two months as others did in two years, and his superiors, satisfied with his virtue, ordered him to commence his course of philosophy at the Roman College. His metaphysical career was highly successful, as in spite of a grievous sickness, which brought him to the brink of the grave, he was regarded by his professors as the first student in the first college of the Jesuits. The public defense made at the end of his course on the treatise *De Anima* was long remembered for the modesty of the defendant, and the ease and method with which he answered the objections of all opponents.

From being a student in the higher branches of study he passed to be a master of humanities at Florence. It was hoped that his native air, and the change from a sedentary to an active life would be beneficial to his health, but on his arrival in that city he was judged from his emaciated countenance and utter prostration of body to be a more fit occupant of the infirmary than of the class-room. This was a sad blow to such

an ardent spirit as Bellarmine's. It was like keeping a fiery young officer on garrison duty whilst his companions in arms were gathering their laurels on the field of victory. And one day, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, he prayed that his life might be spared, and that he might have health and strength to labour for the salvation of souls. His prayer was heard, and in gratitude for his recovery he felt obliged to devote all his physical and intellectual powers to the cause of his Benefactor, which he did so faithfully as to be able, at the age of four score to write of himself, *In laboribus a juventute mea.* From the day when he made this fervent petition to the day of his death he never sought a moment's respite from labour, and in his twenty-second year we find him fully launched on the stormy business of life. He looked upon his duty of a professor in quite another light from that in which it is generally regarded. He saw in it the most efficacious means of training youths to become not only good scholars, but good citizens and good Christians, and of remedying a want which had caused to the Church the loss of some of the fairest provinces in Europe, the want not only of pious but of learned pastors. He esteemed his pupils as treasures which had been committed to his charge, and he thought it incumbent upon him to instil into their minds the highest maxims of the Gospel, whilst he instructed them in the first rudiments of letters. To do this more efficaciously he endeavoured to gain their love. Indeed, this was his only chance of success since it was not in his character to use severity, and his little crooked body, large head, big forehead, and long nose could not secure due deference for his person. He knew that these corporal defects could be remedied by a courteous and kind behaviour, and as civility was part of his nature, he judged politeness would win the battle more securely than rigour. Consequently he neglected nothing to secure the esteem of his pupils. He entered into their feelings, and by setting the example sought to make affection reciprocal. In this he succeeded, whilst at the same time his abilities were being gradually recognized, and he was silently laying the foundation of his future reputation. On every solemn festival he gave a proof of his poetic taste by the production of a Latin ode, whilst he treated every question of science and philosophy with a solidity of judgment which drew forth the approbation of the Florentine academicians. Some of them avowed that they had never heard a man reason with

more subtle distinctions or express himself with greater eloquence. They admitted him into their body, and asked him to give public lectures on astronomy, which he did until his removal in the following year to teach rhetoric at Mantua.

The professorship of rhetoric did not consist in merely expounding the meaning of an author, but, after laying down the qualities of a perfect orator, the several divisions of a discourse, and the art with which one part should be connected with another, the professor would make a critical analysis of a masterpiece of Demosthenes or Cicero by judging it according to the rules of rhetoric. He would point out its defects if there were digressions or irrelevant remarks. He would praise its merits if the exordium were well proportioned and flowed naturally from the subject, if the division were correct, the figures appropriate, the selection and collocation of words good, and the connection between the primary and secondary parts of a sentence easily discoverable. The chair of rhetoric therefore required its occupant to be conversant with the minutiae of grammar, and with the excellencies and the faults of the great orators of Greece and Rome. Moreover, since the Jesuit schools were open to all comers, it frequently happened that the lectures of an eloquent professor were attended not only by his regular scholars, but by the most learned men of the city wherein he was professing. At least this is certain, that Cardinals and monsignori have been present at such lectures at the Roman College, and it is highly improbable that Bellarmine would have professed rhetoric in a large city like Mantua unless he had been capable of sustaining the reputation of his Order among the *servants* of his day, which is no small praise for a young man of thee-and-twenty.

It was about this time that his preaching began to attract attention. To many English Catholics it would be a strange sight to see a young man whose head had never been touched by an episcopal hand, and who possessed no more sacerdotal authority than his audience, mounting a cathedral pulpit. But amongst the privileges which the Jesuits enjoy there is one which grants to their tonsured members the prerogative of preaching, and what is remarkable in the case of Bellarmine is the fact, not of his using this license, but of his occupying the pulpit in some of the largest churches in Italy. He was invited from place to place to preach, for he was talked about,

and, like every other distinguished man, had to submit to the unpleasant task of satisfying public curiosity. At his *début* in Florence, a lady was so struck with his youthful appearance that she prayed to the Almighty to support him, through a fear that he might either break down, or that his discourse might be tintured with heresy. At Mantua, after his sermon on Christmas Day, his audience were so enraptured with his eloquence as to surround the pulpit, and not allow him to descend until he had promised to give them a second sermon on the morrow. This was putting his oratorical abilities to the test, yet confident that He Who had given St. Stephen a command of words so that his enemies "were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit that spoke in him," could give him sufficient strength to panegyrize worthily the proto-martyr of Christianity, he yielded to their desire, and spoke with an unction and a fluency which extorted from the Cathedral Chapter the declaration of his being an angel, and his Rector could only inform the Provincial of his success by quoting the words of the Gospel, "Never did man speak like this man." An almost similar triumph awaited him wherever he went, but his crowning victories were reserved for Venice and Genoa. At the former place he inveighed against the excesses of the carnival strongly and efficaciously. His discourse went to the heart, for the very senators of the Republic joined with the common people in soliciting the favour of kissing his hand. For some reason or other the Fathers of the Society wished to make a Provincial Congregation which they were holding at Genoa remarkable by some "public act." They probably had in view the foundation of a college, because the "public act," whereby they wished their session to be distinguished, consisted in a public display of learning. On looking about them for the man who was best qualified to bear the lion's share of the labour, their eyes fell on young Bellarmine, and for two days he publicly defended a number of theses which comprised, in addition to philosophy and theology, also Aristotle and rhetoric, and after this scholastic disputation, he mounted the Cathedral pulpit, and spoke on the necessity of salvation. He had charmed his hearers when speaking of speculative science. His spirited harangue, yet modest manner of address, convinced his audience that they had before them a learned theologian, an eloquent preacher, and a holy religious. Bellarmine's first essays at preaching were flowery and poetical, but after his

eulogium on St. Stephen at Mantua he never wrote a sermon or committed anything to memory. He dotted down on paper the chief points with one or two proofs, and for the rest abandoned himself entirely to his natural powers and fervent enthusiasm. "We lose our time," he wrote, "by our finely polished periods. We do less by this dry study than by a fervent prayer. I have learnt this truth by experience. Often have I been beating the air by my beautiful compositions, which have brought more reputation to myself than profit to others. All the precepts of human eloquence united could not convert a single soul, which is a conquest that is reserved for the grace of Jesus Christ and the efficacy of His word. We should not, on the one hand, bring the Gospel into disrepute by bad reasoning or a barbarous elocution, nor, on the other, should we dry up its unction by too artificial an air and a superabundance of rhetorical ornament. It is free, and does not like restraints. Jealous of its heavenly origin, it will not depend on earthly means. It is for the preacher to clothe it with the simple and august majesty it had in the mouths of the prophets, with that sweet and commanding power which persuades the most incredulous and triumphs over the most rebellious spirits. In a word, the best preacher is not the man who brings forth the most elaborate productions, but the man who draws down upon his sermons the most copious benedictions of Heaven by his humility and his confidence."

Meanwhile, his reputation had extended beyond the confines of Italy, and an eloquent argumentative preacher was what the Catholics in Flanders stood mostly in need of. At this period the Society of Jesus was under the generalship of a man who had lived from his childhood with kings and with queens, with dukes and with duchesses. He had enjoyed the highest honours of his country together with the personal friendship of his Sovereign, whom he had accompanied into Africa in his expedition against Barbarossa, and into Provence in his war against France. He had been created Marquis of Lombay, Viceroy of Catalonia, and Knight and Commander of the Order of St. James, but struck by the deformity of the corpse of the Empress Isabella, had renounced all worldly prospects, and from the dukedom of Gandia passed to the novitiate of the Jesuits. He returned to his native land as Father Francis Borgia, in which new character he was more closely than ever

united with Charles the Fifth in his retirement at the monastery of Yuste. He preached with incredible success throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, was appointed Commissary General of the Society for Spain, Portugal, and the Indies, and, after he had fulfilled other important trusts, on the death of Laynez the Sacred Congregation elected him their General. The main object of his government was directed, not so much to the internal organization of the Society, as to the support and propagation of Catholicity in Europe, as well as abroad. St Ignatius had drawn up the Institute. St Francis Borgia pushed on the external work of the Order. He gave a new impulse to foreign missions by founding those of Mexico, of Florida, and of Peru, whilst the Jesuits extirpated idolatry from some parts of Japan, and converted several of her kings. His energetic Catholicism was equally felt in Europe. In company with Cardinal Alexandrini, he preached the last crusade which resulted in the victory of Lepanto. And in whatever country or in whatever capacity the talents or acquirements of a Jesuit would have the larger range, to that country was St Francis certain to send him, and in that occupation was St Francis certain to employ him. It is to this wise disposition of their General that Canisius, Auger, Possevin, Manarez, Toledo, and several others owe their renown, and to this instinct of the Saint is due the removal of Bellarmine from Mondovi to Louvain. Notwithstanding the endeavours of several Superiors to detain him in Italy, St Francis would not countermand the order, and in the spring of the year 1569, Robert departed for Flanders with the twofold object of preaching and of studying theology. On his way he fell in with three English travelling companions, one of whom was William Allen, the future Cardinal.

His sermons, which were now delivered in Latin, were as successful in Flanders as in Italy. People came from England and from Holland to listen to him, and many were the conversions he wrought. It appears that when in the pulpit his very countenance was inflamed, and that there was something more than human in his discourses, something really angelic in his appearance. We do not say this with the blind enthusiasm of a devotee for his idol. We have the testimony of eye-witnesses to bear us out in the statement that when preaching his face shone like an angel's, and his sermons so silenced the heretics that he seemed like a second St. Stephen confounding

the Jews.<sup>3</sup> It was Bellarmine's happy disposition to combine great argumentative powers with a winning sweetness of character. He was not a man to build up with one hand and pull down with the other. He convinced the intellect by his words, but he did not repel the will by a stern and forbidding appearance of sanctity. There was a charm and modesty about him that was irresistible, and if any one fell under his influence, he was drawn to love him as surely as the magnet attracts the needle. His grace of manner won more converts to the faith than his grace of diction. But since he was in a country in which Catholics and Protestants were fighting a hand to hand fight, the Jesuits were not long in perceiving that every means must be employed to give as much weight as possible to the discourses of their young orator, and they determined to raise him to the priesthood. After a delay of some months the permission of St. Francis Borgia arrived, coupled, however, with the necessity of complying with a recent order of Pope Pius the Fifth who, desiring to make the followers of St. Ignatius resemble as much as possible the followers of St. Francis and St. Dominic, had for this end commanded that no Jesuit should be raised to the priesthood who had not taken his last and solemn vows.<sup>4</sup> In consequence of this order we find Bellarmine a professed Father at the early age of twenty-seven. He was ordained by Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ghent, who though bearing the same Christian and surname is not to be confounded with the father of the Jansenists. The Bishop of Ypres and the author of the work entitled *Augustinus*, did not flourish till fifty years later.

In the year 1567 Bellarmine began to study theology, and in the year 1570, he occupied the professor's chair of divinity in the University of Louvain. His labours at this period of his life appear almost incredible. He taught, and that with a reputation which attracted crowds from all sides, he heard

<sup>3</sup> "Pene septuagenarius fidem facio et attestor me juvenem annos natum 19 novisse Louvanii R.P.R. Bellarmini, et sepe sepius eum audisse summa cum laude concionantem in templo S. Mich. tanta auditorum multitudine, ut eos templum non caperet . . . ejusque tum faciem tanquam Angeli mihi visam et instar alterius Stephani resplenduisse. Famamque tum publicam fuisse multos hereticos ex Anglia et Batavia ad audiendum eum commissaes : auditoque eo ab haeresi ad orthodoxæ fidei cognitionem fuisse conversos" (F. And. Vise Melit. Eques Mag. Angl. Prior.).

<sup>4</sup> This decree of St. Pius the Fifth was afterwards revoked by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. It was and is the law that no one can be ordained without a title; for religious this is constituted by a solemn vow. To take a merely simple and hence revocable vow as a substitute was in those days a novelty.

confessions, he preached, he acquired a perfect mastery of Hebrew, and read not translations only, but the original works of all, or nearly all, the Fathers of the Church. At least we may form a tolerably correct idea of the extent of his reading from the compilation, *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, in which he gives a running commentary of about four hundred different authors. Moreover, his powers as a controversialist were now for the first time brought indirectly into play, and though he silenced his adversary, the triumph of receiving the final and public submission was reserved for another Jesuit, Cardinal Toledo.

Michael de Bay, more commonly known by his Latinized name of Baius, had for several years enjoyed the reputation of a first class theologian, and of a scholar well versed in the Fathers, particularly in St. Augustine, whose works he is reported to have read seven times. His abilities had secured for him the highest honours of the University of Louvain, but, dissatisfied with the exclusively scholastic method followed in the schools, and which as he judged tended too much to Pelagianism, he wished to substitute in its place a course of study founded entirely on the Scriptures and the Fathers, and like all preceding and succeeding would-be reformers of the regulations of the Church, was soon lost in an inextricable labyrinth where there were neither guides nor landmarks to direct him. The Franciscans, without mentioning the name of the author who advanced them or the book from which they were extracted, sent eighteen of his propositions to the faculty of theology at Paris, which declared (June 27, 1560) five of them to be heretical and the rest to be false. As no name had been mentioned in the denunciation of the Sorbonne, the reputation of Baius did not suffer, and two years later, at the last Session of the Council of Trent, Philip the Second of Spain sent him thither as his special theologian. No opportunity could have been fitter either for Baius to vindicate himself, or for his enemies to crush a rising heresy in its germ; and since the former evinced no inclination to do his duty, the latter submitted a number of his theses to the judgment of the Holy See. This step had no sooner been taken than Baius was roused in his defence. He wrote a long letter to Cardinal Simoetti, wherein he declared the alleged theses to be in direct opposition to his writings, that a false interpretation had been put on his words, and under this foreign garb he acknowledged his works to be reprehensible.

The excuse saved his person, but not his doctrine. One of the first acts of the Pontificate of St Pius the Fifth was to issue a Bull condemnatory of seventy-nine propositions, some of which were declared "heretical" and the others "suspicious, temerarious, scandalous, and capable of shocking the feelings of pious persons." Yet not even in this censure was his name mentioned, nor was he called upon publicly to retract them. But, instead of showing by his silence that he recognized the forbearance of the Holy See, which to spare a culprit's feelings could pronounce a reprimand without naming him, Baius endeavoured to justify his errors, and by continuing to teach, kept the University of Louvain in a state of unpleasant opposition to Rome. It was at this juncture that Bellarmine accepted the chair of theology in the above-mentioned University. His position was a critical one. On the one side the Jesuit's instinctive devotion to the Pope obliged him to enter the lists with Baius, and on the other he could not personally attack his antagonist without incurring the opposition of the University, which would naturally side with its Chancellor. It was impossible for him to remain neutral, and a false step might enlarge the breach instead of closing it. Bellarmine chose a middle course. He lectured on the subjects on which Baius had gone astray, but without manifesting a wish to contravene him. He referred to his errors, but as though they were common to the heretics of the day. He attacked his first principles, analyzed them, showed the logical consequences to which they must lead, and by proving the fountain to be poisonous, satisfied his pupils that the water which flowed from it was a diluted form of Calvinism. And all this was done without incurring the hostility of one of the partisans of Baius. The Chancellor was refuted, his followers silenced, and the truth upheld without the slightest concession to error. Baius had certainly sufficient pride to become a heretic, but fortunately for himself either his faith was stronger than his pride, or his fear of an overthrow was stronger than his desire of victory. In Bellarmine he saw an opponent whom it would have been sure defeat to have attacked, and hence during his seven years residence in Flanders the two were never engaged in a direct controversy. But no sooner had the Jesuit been recalled to Italy than Baius began to teach what a few months previously he would have been afraid to utter, and what had been condemned by St. Pius the Fifth, whose Bull however he now declared to be a forgery. His errors may be reduced to

four heads—(1) There was nothing supernatural in Adam, but all the gifts of grace were due to his nature. (2) Free will without the grace of God leads necessarily and unavoidably into sin. (3) Every action of a sinner, and of all who are deprived of the grace of God, is sinful; so that a sinner cannot take his meals or go to bed without each time committing a sin. (4) There are only two kinds of love: the love of God, and a carnal sensuality. No longer kept in check by the fear of opposition, Baius after the departure of Bellarmine openly taught these doctrines at Louvain, and even anticipated the Unionists of the present day by proposing to the leaders of the Calvinistic party the articles which might form the basis of a union between the Catholics of Flanders and the gloomy Reformers of Geneva. It appears too that he had contrived to persuade himself of the truth of what he taught. "We ought," he exclaimed to the faculty of the University, "rather to die in defence of our teaching than condemn it." Such obstinacy however at last conquered even the patience of Rome. Gregory the Thirteenth was a man not to be trifled with. One Jesuit had successfully combated Baianism at its birth. He was determined that another Jesuit should bury it, and intrusted his own preacher and theologian, Francis Toledo, with the delicate commission of publishing in the University of Louvain the public condemnation of its Chancellor. At ten o'clock in the morning of March 21, 1580, accompanied by all the professors, with Michael de Bay in their midst, he proceeded to the Hall of the University, where he found assembled a large crowd of licentiates and bachelors. Toledo commenced the proceedings by reading aloud the Bull of Pope Gregory, wherein His Holiness spoke of the audacious obstinacy of the man who could persist in teaching what had been already condemned; then, turning to Baius, he demanded whether he considered the Bull he held in his hand to be genuine or a forgery. The Doctor acknowledged it to be genuine. Then subjoined Toledo, "Do you condemn the articles which you have taught, and all those contained in this Bull?" "I condemn them," replied Baius, "according to the intentions of the Bull, and in the same manner in which it condemns them." Whereupon all the graduates who were present cried with one voice, "We condemn the propositions; we receive with submission the Bull of St. Peter, and we promise to obey it." One would have thought that this verbal recantation would have sufficed, but

Toledo was determined to lay at the feet of His Holiness a document in Baius' handwriting which should condemn his own teaching. Baius drew one up. It is short, but sufficiently long for its purpose. Such then is the history of Baianism. Its suppression is due entirely to the Society of Jesus. But it was a dearly bought victory. It was a victory which the Jansenists who only developed the doctrine of Baius never forgave, and which Baius as long as he lived sought the opportunity of revenging. He had been obliged to bow down before the logic of Bellarmine and the authority of Toledo, yet he never laid aside the hope of vengeance. A few years later, a work of the Jesuit Father Lessius fell into his hands, and with the pleasant satisfaction that his day of triumph had at length arrived, he sent to Rome several extracts, which he thought were tinctured with his old crotchet of Pelagianism, to be treated with the summary condemnation which his own writings had met with. Sixtus the Fifth ordered the Sacred College to examine the passages. They were declared harmless, and the Pope bade his Nuncio at Brussels to forbid any one to mention as suspected the writings of Father Lessius. Again was poor Baius beaten, but to be so completely beaten when victory seemed almost within his grasp was more than flesh and blood could bear. Within six months he died of a broken heart.

After a stay of seven years in Flanders, Bellarmine was recalled to Italy, whither he travelled in the garb of a knight and under the assumed name of Romulus. He was obliged to resort to this device in order to save his life, for the Flemish war of independence was raging at the time, and the cruelty of the Calvinistic troops was directed particularly against religious. Their hatred of Catholicity was roused to the pitch that while they might perhaps have deliberated about murdering a priest, they would without a moment's deliberation have strung up to the nearest tree a man who was not only a priest, but a Jesuit, a foreigner, and one likely to sympathize with the Spanish cause. Bellarmine was at once a Jesuit, a foreigner, and a probable sympathizer with Spain, so from motives of prudence he travelled incognito. On his arrival in Italy he was forbidden to pass through Milan, as St. Charles Borromeo wished to detain him there as his special preacher, whereas his Superiors had more important work in store for him at Rome. He was to be appointed to the chair of controversies in the Roman College.

Among the labours of St. Ignatius Loyola the foundation of

the Roman and German Colleges ranks second in importance and in magnitude to the foundation of the Society of Jesus. He did not live to see the German College completed, but he suggested the idea of its foundation: he was commissioned to draw up a plan of its studies, and to this day when his name in the Martyrologium is read on the eve of his festival every member of the College uncovers his head and rises from his seat, whilst an inscription on the altar of the Church of St. Apollinaris runs as follows: *Sancto Ignatio, Societatis Jesu fundatori, Collegium Germanicum auctori suo posuit.* The idea of the German College was worthy of the master mind which gave it birth. St. Ignatius perceived that Germany was becoming the prey of heresy through a want of learned and pious priests, and his eagle eye saw the necessary remedy at a glance. It was to collect some German youths of talent in the Holy City, to give them a first class education, to make them drink in Catholicism at its fountain-head, and when they were imbued with a loyalty to the Successor of St. Peter and a faith in his teaching which neither arguments nor taunts could overcome, to send them back to their native land there to combat the Reformers, to support the wavering, to recall the fallen. Such was the plan he proposed to two Cardinals who undertook to inform the Pope. Julius the Third at once perceived its advantages, and was more than half convinced that it must at any cost be carried into execution, but, suggested he, "where is the money to come from? The war with Parma has exhausted my treasury. I am willing however to hand over a part of my annual revenues, yet that is not sufficient to raise a College from the dust." "If your Holiness will head a subscription," replied Cardinal Moroni, "the Sacred College will supply the deficit. If you, Holy Father, impose sacrifices on yourself for the support of Catholicity in Germany, there is only one honourable path open to the Princes of the Church—to walk in the footsteps of their leader." The Pope wished them to consult their colleagues, and appointed a day on which he would hold a Consistory to inquire into the state of Germany. Thirty-three Cardinals met on the appointed day. The first speaker suggested the idea of a Crusade. "It is no longer," said the bellicose Cardinal, "the tomb of Christ which is profaned, but His Kingdom. Our ancestors set on foot Crusade after Crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and shall we not set one on foot for the triumph of our faith?" But the chivalrous spirit of the twelfth century no longer survived in the sixteenth. The appeal was

met by a dead silence. Then Cardinal Moroni, who was the spokesman of Loyola, arose and spoke with eloquent warmth on the advantages to be derived from the establishment of a College of Germans in the City of Rome. Julius the Third listened with attention to his speech, and when he had concluded, rose from his throne, took a pen in his hand and wrote, "For a work so pious, so holy, and so praiseworthy, we give yearly five hundred golden scudi." He then handed the paper round, and when it was returned to him it contained a subscription which would start the College with a capital of £12,000.<sup>5</sup> On August 31, 1552, the Bull for the erection of the College was promulgated, and in October of the same year St. Ignatius had eighteen scholars, which number the following twelvemonth augmented to fifty-four. Thus was this celebrated Seminary established, a Seminary so perfect in its regulations and so admirable in its discipline, that the Council of Trent at the suggestion of the same Cardinal Moroni adopted it as the model on which all ecclesiastical seminaries were hereafter to be founded. The good effected by its scholars in Germany was incalculable. The Lutherans had accused the Catholic clergy of ignorance, but the learning of the priests from the German College made the charge no longer tenable. The Lutherans had accused the Catholic clergy of a want of piety and of a cold indifference in the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries, but the angelic behaviour at the altar of the priests from the German College frequently drew tears of devotion from the eyes of their congregation. The Lutherans had accused the Catholic clergy of immorality and had ridiculed their celibacy, but the priests of the German College guarded their chastity with such a strict command of the senses as to make even suspicion impossible. Nor was the German nation slow in appreciating the work of Loyola. We find on the College rolls names which are celebrated in the history of the Holy Roman Empire. We find there representatives of the families of Ferdinand of Bavaria, of the Counts of Horach, of the Margraves of Baden, of Würtemburg, of Metternich, of Waldstein, of Reinach, of Aldobrandini, and of Ximenes. Within one hundred and fifty years from its foundation it had given to the Church one Pope, twenty-four

<sup>5</sup> Crétineau-Joly, in his *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, vol. i. p. 351, gives the names and the subscriptions of the thirty-three Cardinals who were present at this Consistory. The total amount collected was 3,065 gold scudi, which at the present valuation of money is equivalent to 300,000 francs or £12,000. Some of the Cardinals imitated His Holiness in giving a yearly subscription.

Cardinals, twenty-one archbishops, one hundred and twenty-one titular bishops, one hundred bishops *in partibus infidelium*, forty-eight Abbots or Generals of religious orders, eleven martyrs of the faith, and thirteen martyrs of charity. This is a noble catalogue for a single college, and in the palmiest days of its existence, when its princely benefactor Gregory the Thirteenth was on the Papal throne, Father Robert Bellarmine was called upon to occupy the chair of controversies in the Roman College. This chair was one of the specialities of the time. The Roman College was the centre of all the Colleges which were under the direction of the Jesuits, and to the lectures which were there delivered flocked the students from the various national Colleges established in the capital of Catholicity. The aim of the German College, as we have said, was to train up men capable of exposing the sophisms and the errors of German sectarians, consequently it was necessary to get at the meaning of the Reformers, and hence we find a chair established for the purpose of teaching what the Reformers taught, with the object not of promulgating but of refuting their doctrine. This chair was called the chair of controversies, and it was no easy matter to find a man capable of occupying it, since the professor must possess qualities which are seldom found united in one man. He must be an historian, for no one can rightly estimate a modern heresy who was not conversant with the rise, progress, and decay of preceding ones. He must be a linguist, for in such an important matter he should not trust to translations, but read the original works of ancient and modern heresiarchs, and of the Fathers of the Church. He must be a philosopher and a theologian in order to combat successfully with such foes as Abelard and Theodore Beza. All these qualities seemed united in Bellarmine. The chair was offered to him and was accepted, and in the month of October, 1576, he commenced his course of lectures, which led to the publication of the most celebrated work that had appeared in the Church for a thousand years.

Niebuhr, we believe, has remarked that no one sits down to his desk with the object of writing what Thucydides calls a *κτήμα ἐς ἀεί*, but that works of genius are produced by a combination of circumstances and are mostly the result of accident. So when Bellarmine accepted the chair of controversies in the Roman College, he had no thought of producing a book which is destined to last for ever. He daily prepared his lectures, and

his students took their notes, but as years rolled on his scholars were scattered through Europe, and were making free use of what they had dotted down in school hours in preparation for their examinations. Representations were made to the General of the Jesuits that if these occasional notes were found to be so valuable in refuting heretics, the writings of the Professor must be still more valuable. Father Aquaviva listened to these representations, and ordered Bellarmine to prepare his lectures for publication. The first volume was issued from the press in the year 1581, and the whole work was finished in the year 1592. It would be impossible for us to give an adequate idea either of the range of subjects embraced in this work, of the amount of learning displayed in it, or of the force of the arguments with which the author's propositions are maintained. We must content ourselves with a mere outline. This work then may be divided into four volumes, and each volume subdivided into several books. The first volume treats of the written and the unwritten Word of God, of the inspired and apocryphal books, gives an account of the various Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Latin translations, speaks of the right interpretation of the Scriptures, and proves from various sources that the Catholic explanation is the true one. He then proceeds to demonstrate the Divinity of Christ, His personal distinction from the Father and the Holy Ghost, and the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. Moreover, that Christ had a human body and a human soul, and concludes by speaking of Him in His character of Mediator. The Sovereign Pontiff is next brought to our consideration. The primacy of St. Peter, and the lawful succession of the Popes in that primacy, is proved. The author dwells on the spiritual power of the Pope, grapples with the gratuitous assertion that the Bishop of Rome is Antichrist, and devotes several of his closing chapters to the consideration of the temporal power of the Pontiff-King. This forms the subject-matter of the first volume. The second volume is confined entirely to the Church in its militant, in its suffering, and in its glorious state. He opens this part of his work with a dissertation on *Œcumene*ical Councils, and on the marks of the true Church. He speaks in detail of the various grades in the Church, of clerics and priests, of monks and religious, of the laity and of civil authority. As regards the Church Suffering, he first proves that there is a Purgatory, and then gives an account of the pains which souls suffer there, and

of the duration and place of their punishment. From the Church Suffering he ascends to the Church Triumphant, shows in what the beatitude of the saints consists, and is naturally led on to prove the doctrine of honouring the saints, their relics and their images, and of defending the various other devotions by which Catholics show their love to their defenders in Heaven. In the third volume Bellarmine speaks first of the sacraments collectively, and then of each in particular. In this part of his work there is a very appropriate digression on Indulgences and the Sacrifice of the Mass. In the last volume we are told how Adam was created in a state of grace and innocence, and how he forfeited this happiness by sin. The mention of this word at once opens the way to a definition of mortal and venial sin, to an explanation of the cause and origin of actual sins, of the nature of original sin and of the penalty of sin. After a picture of the miseries of man, the author proceeds to show how he can rise from his fallen state by means of grace and the cooperation of his free will. He enters fully into the difficult question of grace and the doctrine of justification, and concludes his whole work by speaking of the merits of good works, especially of prayer, fasting, and alms-giving.

Such is an outline of Bellarmine's controversies, the publication of which called forth the approbation of the whole Catholic world, and extorted praise from the bitterest enemies of Catholicity. Whilst his co-religionists named him "The hammer of the heretics" and "The arsenal of the Church Militant," Theodore Beza, after reading his chapters on the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, exclaimed, "This single work will overthrow every one of us."

W. DUBBERLEY.

## *The Prisons of Paris under the Commune.<sup>1</sup>*

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“EVER generous and just, even in its wrath, the People shrinks from bloodshed as from civil war, but it has a right to protect itself against the savage assaults of its enemies, and, at every cost, it will exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. . . . *Article 4.* All persons accused, who shall be under detention by verdict of the jury of accusation, shall be the hostages of the people of Paris. *Article 5.* Every execution of a prisoner of war, or of a supporter of the regular government of the Commune of Paris, shall be followed immediately by the execution of three hostages detained in accordance with the provisions of *Article 4.* They shall be determined by lot.”

In this proclamation and decree, placarded on the walls immediately after the “torrential” sortie of the 3rd of April, the word *hostage* occurs for the first time. The declamatory address which ushers in the decree was signed, *La Commune de Paris*. It was deemed perhaps not only more imposing, but more prudent, that the whole community should declare its conjoint responsibility in such a measure, for corporations can neither be flogged when they deserve it in this life, nor reserved for more dreadful retribution in the next.

The prison life under the Commune, to which M. Maxime du Camp has consecrated the first volume of his episodes, for more than one reason claims the best attention of those who, more especially in France at this moment, are able and willing to derive lessons from the recent past for their guidance in the perils of the early future. Nowhere more clearly than in the Government prisons were the spirit and the principles of “the revolution” manifested—the selfish avarice of men who called themselves patriots and philanthropists, and the tyrannical edicts of men who called themselves citizens. Nowhere was the subversion of law and morality so plainly to be seen. Right and wrong had changed places. Magistrates were immured in

<sup>1</sup> *Les Convulsions de Paris.* Maxime du Camp. Hachette, 1878—1879.

dungeons for having done their duty, and convicted malefactors were charged with the management of the prisons. It was a crime to have defended the laws and a merit to have broken them, and, quite consistently, the most grievous crime of all was to have kept too well the "first and greatest" commandment, which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." It almost seems like cruel irony that the wretch Ferré, who thirsted for the blood of the saints, should bear the name of *Théophile*.

The prisons of which the history is given by M. du Camp are eight in number—the Dépôt, the Conciergerie, Mazas, La Santé, Sainte-Pelagie, Saint-Lazare, La Petite-Roquette, La Grande-Roquette. Of these the Dépôt and the Conciergerie, both standing close to the Palais de Justice, are often supposed to be one and the same, but they are distinct prisons, of very different size and construction. The Conciergerie is the old prison of the Palais de Justice, and is small and inconvenient, occupying only the ground-floor under the Court of Cassation. The Dépôt is an enormous structure of the later Empire, containing nearly two hundred cells, as well as large common rooms. Both are intended as houses of preliminary detention. In the normal condition of things all prisoners are sent in the first instance to the Dépôt, to be thence conveyed to their ulterior destination. The prison of Mazas also, near the Pont d'Austerlitz, is a house of preparation, intended for prisoners awaiting trial. Saint Lazare, situated not far from the Buttes Montmartre, is designed for women only, and is in the nature of a religious reformatory rather than a prison in the ordinary sense, the Superior of the Sisters of Mary and Joseph having in reality the chief responsibility in the administration. Sainte-Pelagie, near the Pantheon, and La Santé, a little further southward, are houses of detention for short terms of imprisonment. The Petite and Grande Roquette lie close together in the immediate neighbourhood of the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. The former is intended for boy delinquents, and to the latter are sent all the greater criminals awaiting deportation or death.

The first act of the new Government in its administration of prisons, as our readers will remember, was decidedly vigorous and well worthy of Raoul Rigault. M. Coré, at one word from that miscreant, ceased to be the Governor of the Dépôt, and was consigned to close imprisonment in one of its cells. The next day one of the Presidents of the Court of Cassation, M. Bonjean, obnoxious by his high position and known integrity, was sent to

the same prison, with orders that he should be very strictly guarded. After this, strange to say, a whole fortnight was permitted to elapse before the clerical commitments took place. In the meantime, however, the new Governor of the Dépôt, the felonious locksmith, Garreau, had given proof of his anti-Christian zeal and hatred of holy things by proposing to inaugurate the reform of discipline with a ceremonial fusillade of the good Sisters of Mary and Joseph, to whose charge the female prisoners had been till then intrusted. They were rescued from his murderous hands at the close of his first week of office, before he felt himself sufficiently firm in his place to venture on so sensational a crime. On the 4th of April the priests began to arrive. Mgr. Darboy and his Vicar-General, M. Lagarde, the Abbé Allard, almoner of the ambulances, the Abbé Crozes, almoner of La Roquette and energetic champion of the condemned, the Abbé Deguerry, the well known and deservedly popular Curé of the Madeleine, and the Jesuit Fathers De Bengy, Clerc, and Ducoudray, led the way. Next day they were joined by Mgr. Surat, Archdeacon of Paris, and M. Moléon, Curé of Saint-Séverin. No formalities were observed. Raoul Rigault had declared that priests, simply as such, were enemies of the Commune. He told the Archbishop that men might be pardoned for much stupidity when the priests for so many hundred years had been befooling them. The Abbé Deguerry's house was handed over to pillage. The Archbishop's property was solemnly confiscated, in virtue of a decree of Flourens issued in his own authority, and declaring that all property of the Church and of émigrés had lapsed to the nation. Mgr. Darboy was driven to the Prefecture of Police in his own carriage, which was then "annexed" by Raoul Rigault. In the course of the spoliation of the house and church, which occupied two days, the poor horses made twenty-eight journeys. Horrible scenes of impiety always formed part of the dismantling of the churches. Vestments, church furniture, chalices, were thrown together carelessly in glittering heaps, too tempting to the children of Satan. Dancing processions and mock masses were improvised, and these odious puerilities were followed by outrages of more studied insolence.

For prisoners so deeply implicated as M. Bonjean and the priests, the Dépôt could furnish only a temporary domicile. They were all transferred without delay to the prison of Mazas, and it is not till the last days of the Commune that the Dépôt

again attains historical importance. After the illustrious hostages had been removed, their places were filled by less worthy sufferers. Lullier, Assi, Rossel, had their turn of imprisonment upon one frivolous charge or another, as having displayed a reactionary spirit. The savage Governor, Garreau, was appointed at the end of April to the command of Mazas, and left the management of the Dépôt in the hands of Eugene Fouet, hairdresser and perfumer, a man of gentle temper, who could be relied upon to do what his masters told him without any unseasonable recrudescence of moral sentiment. Lust and cruelty are very frequent companions. Raoul Rigault and his companions were men whose souls were steeped in vice, and they found, as they had intended to find, in their new nominee at the Dépôt a ready agent of iniquity. The formalities of law, orders of arrest and release, signed and countersigned and quickly succeeding each other, were prostituted to the vilest purposes. Garreau's projected fusillade of nuns would have been by several degrees a less hideous abuse of magisterial power.

Minor personages were committed to prison in great numbers, often without even the pretence of a reason, but more commonly upon some vague imputation of having spoken against the Commune or in favour of Versailles, or of being a Bonapartist agent. Of male prisoners alone, three thousand six hundred and thirty-two entries are found on the register of the Dépôt between the 18th of March and the 23rd of May, 1871. On the 21st of May a captive of some importance was secured, Georges Veyset. From the point of view of the leaders of the Commune he really deserved his fate, for he had been carrying on negotiations with Versailles for a considerable time, and, working under the very eyes of Rigault and Ferré, sharp-sighted men undoubtedly, and well provided with the machinery of secret service, he had very nearly brought his plan to a successful issue. Although he failed to secure to the Government troops an unimpeded entrance into Paris, he had done much to facilitate the final victory. He was ordered out for execution on the morning of the 24th of May, and was the only prisoner of the Dépôt on whom Ferré, who had promised himself a hecatomb, was able to wreak his rage. Pierre Braquond, at a later date, saved the others from a still more dreadful doom by his presence of mind when the conflagration was raging round.

Some of the arrest warrants were made out by men who

could with difficulty sign their own name. Rossel, to show how little he understood the men with whom he had made common cause, was guilty of the folly of proposing that the officers of the Communal forces should be required to stand a preliminary examination. It is not wonderful that he soon found his way to one of the cells in Mazas. Perhaps if he had not very quickly effected his escape he might have been shot as a dangerous reactionist, instead of being reserved to die as a deserter from his military allegiance. The commander of the *Enfants du Père Duchêne* would have been tempted to make short work of a board of examiners and their abettors, if we may judge from his precious literary remains. He writes officially: *Citoyen se la mest impossible de pouvoir solder cest voiture puisque je n'aie aucune solde des officier puis qu'ils ont disparut depuis 4 jours cela est hors de ma porter ; je vous salut,—Sanson.*<sup>2</sup>

The "Judges of Instruction," installed at the Palais de Justice, did not owe their elevation to eminent professional services. Their president was a barrister, "briefless and brainless," while some of them had received no legal training at all, and knew absolutely nothing of the technical duties of their charge. One of them, a stout good-natured young man, after a few days of office, ascertained in the course of his new studies that it was a recognized usage to liberate prisoners on bail. By a discreet use of this important discovery he made his appointment much more lucrative than it would otherwise have been, for whenever he saw his opportunity he negotiated an order of release for any person duly qualified, that is to say, able to pay well for his liberty, and not likely to be missed from prison by the stern Delegate of Public Safety. This dispenser of justice, as he understood the term, was extremely careful to keep his liberating hands from the "hostages" whom Rigault called his *détenus personnels*. He opened his mind to nobody about his interpretation of the law, he made no entries in his books, but he quietly pocketed the recognizances, and, on the downfall of the Government which employed him, he effected his escape with the fruits of his intelligent industry.

At the Conciergerie, M. Fontaine, the Governor, had actually given the word to the officers of the prison to follow him to Versailles, when the instructions elicited by M. Bonjean's timely appeal arrived to keep them at their post. Two of them travelled to Versailles, hidden under packages of linen in a

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. p. 115.

laundry cart, and returned next day to resume their adventurous duties and encourage their companions. They had less suffering and danger to encounter than their brethren in the other prisons. M. Deville, the new Governor, was a kind-hearted man, and the Conciergerie was too diminutive to claim a large share of the attention of the executive. The only occurrence which disturbed the peace of the household in the early part of April was a foolish but very determined search, carried on for several days by soldiers with bayonets and crowbars, through the vast spaces of cellarage which underlay, not only the prison, but the adjacent palace. Imagination had located there an arsenal guarded by desperadoes in the pay of Versailles. Semi-superstitious terrors about underground passages and mysterious caverns were very common during the Reign of Terror, and a few weeks later the Conciergerie was again the scene of a similar "scare," which brought ridicule on all concerned. The scampering of rats in the silence of the night had been magnified by uneasy consciences into mining operations of concealed conspirators.

The liberation of malefactors was a natural accompaniment of the incarceration of honest men. The Conciergerie, which at the beginning of the Commune had many vacancies, was rapidly filled up. Twenty of the forty-one inmates were released by the mere caprice of the "Judges of Instruction," and some of the worst criminals were among the number. On the other hand, one hundred and eighty-six new prisoners appeared, nearly all of them committed by Raoul Rigault himself. Only one of these was a real offender, a thief, and he, in bitter sarcasm or in tacit acknowledgment that the company was too good for him, was promptly enlarged. After a few weeks of ordinary committals, a band of thirteen priests arrived on the 13th of April, shortly before midnight. They were Fathers of the "Picpus" Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; and, though most of them were venerable old men, one being nearly eighty years of age, they had been treated with great cruelty as they passed through the streets, from their house near the further end of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, followed by a crowd thirsting for their blood. The Conciergerie was a place of rest for a few days. They were permitted to converse together, and if it had depended on the Governor, they might even have had the consolation of assisting at Holy Mass on Sunday. Raoul Rigault, with thoughtful malice, had frus-

trated by anticipation all such hopes in a circular of prohibition addressed three weeks before to all the governors of prisons. As it was, the good Fathers had to rest content with the facilities afforded for confession and mutual encouragement, and they made their preparation for martyrdom. The laundry-mistress of the prison earned the personal ill-will of Rigault by her kindness to these venerable captives during their short stay, but she made good her flight from Paris before he could fulfil his threats of vengeance. The Fathers were transferred to Mazas after a delay of only five days, and from that time to the commencement of the final struggle, or for more than a month, the Conciergerie seemed to have escaped from the memory of the men who were daily consigning to other prisons the victims of their fear or their resentment.

As at the Conciergerie so at Saint-Lazare, the new Governor, Philippe Hesse, was not a bad man. If he had been allowed to exercise a real authority, the Sisters of Mary and Joseph might have continued their good work unmolested under his energetic protection, but he could not, without drawing down upon himself the wrath of his remorseless chief, coerce into decent observance two fantastic madmen whom Rigault had billeted upon Saint-Lazare in a semi-official character for the torment of everybody there. One of these drunken debauchees rejoiced in the name of La Brunière de Medicis, and the other called himself Méphisto. The former had once been a respectable soldier, had served with distinction in the first regiment of Zouaves, and having lost a finger in battle, had retired with a small pension. His warlike spirit woke again under the provocation of the siege, but he aspired to aid his country in some more exalted capacity than before. He found favour with Raoul Rigault, and having received from him a military staff appointment and the direction of "political inspectors," was further promoted to the post of public censor, and intrusted, in grim irony it must be supposed, with the maintenance of good order and morality. His boon companion at Saint-Lazare, Méphisto, had less reputable antecedents. Under the outward device of wig-maker and *artiste* in hair, he had carried on a more lucrative traffic in the direct service of the prince of darkness. It seemed indeed a necessary part of his nature to be always playing a double part. Under the Commune he affected great ferocity of manner, dressed in red from head to foot, carried revolvers very visibly in a red belt, and uttered the most appalling threats which made the

very hearts of the fearful sink to hear them. He would have everybody shot, nuns, warders, prisoners, and a great many people besides. And yet for some part of the time, while Ferré thought him his creature and tool, he was carrying on most delicate negotiations between the Government at Versailles and one of the Communist leaders who offered to sell his services but demanded a higher price than could be conceded. The *perruquier* on these occasions put aside his red apparel, and disguising himself without making any secret about it at Saint-Lazare, drove off boldly out of the town, as if on public business in a carriage lent by his employer, wherein under the cushions he found in a box the secret correspondence which he had to deliver at a preconcerted place. Although the transaction by reason of the exorbitant demand never attained completeness, both the daring Méphisto and his patron escaped unhurt.

The guardian of public morality and his chosen companion were chiefly solicitous to have a merry time of it according to the opportunity which Saint-Lazare afforded, so that they were only occasionally sober. Finding that the mode of life which they had adopted entailed considerable expenditure, they endeavoured to supplement their income by various devices. La Brunière gave drilling lessons, and at the end of the performance went round with his hat to collect money "for the poor wounded soldiers," which he took care that the wounded soldiers never saw or felt. When this employment failed, he arrested an officer of the prison and carried him off to Rigault, representing the capture as a public service. He received twenty-five francs for his trouble, and returned very much disappointed. In his chagrin he paid a domiciliary visit to the family of his victim, carried off the sorrowing wife and daughter to prison and appropriated all the money which he found lying loose.

At Saint-Lazare as at the Conciergerie, search was made for underground communications and concealed arms. La Brunière and Méphisto were intimately convinced that the Sisters of Saint-Lazare were able to penetrate by a covered way to their house at Argenteuil some miles distant. In vain good Sister Marie-Eléonore in all simplicity protested that no such passage had ever existed, the commissioner of good behaviour was not so to be deterred: "If there is no tunnel to Argenteuil, you certainly know of one to Saint-Laurent; you must point out the entrance. When the digging in one place

led to no result, a new opening was made somewhere else, and the folly went on "two nights out of three" from the 22nd of March to the middle of April. Sister Marie-Eléonore, when she was called upon after the fall of the Commune to set down in writing her experiences, spoke of these excavations with astonishment: *C'est vraiment bien extraordinaire.* At last the Governor received an order from the Prefecture of Police to put a stop to the business. It had however become more evident from day to day that Saint-Lazare was not a place where religious women could consent to live. The condition of the prisoners would be worse when they were gone, but Sister Marie-Eléonore was bound to consult in the first instance the safety of her nuns. She applied for permission to depart to Argenteuil, and obtained an order signed by Edmond Levraut. On the 17th of April the portable effects of the sisterhood, and the altar furniture from the chapel in which St. Vincent of Paul used to pray, had been packed in a cart and all was prepared for the start, when a company of soldiers arrived with orders to prevent the departure, and more especially to keep the Superior under close inspection. It was supposed that if she stayed, the rest would follow her example. Under pretence of giving necessary instructions that the work might not come to a standstill, Sister Marie-Eléonore gave marching orders to the Sisters, and in groups of two and three they slipped out of the house without impediment, for it was known that they had permission to depart, and only the Superior remained. All the time that she was bustling about, a large bodyguard of the prisoners kept at her side to see that their "Mother" came to no harm, for they were not sure that the soldiers had not been commanded to carry her off and shoot her. After some time, when the soldiers were tired of tramping about to all parts of the house at the heels of the active Superior, she said laughing: "You are terribly tiring, always following me in this way. It does not help work." Then she suddenly remembered that something had been forgotten, and off she rushed again—and never returned. At the end of ten minutes, the soldiers looked at one another. "Where is she?" "Oh, she is gone," said a prisoner triumphantly. The recapture was no easy matter. Every door in the way was locked, and only the Sisters and the brigadier possessed keys. The brigadier was summoned. His orders forbade him to enter the women's department. Half an hour was lost in parleying and thinking what was to be done,

and opening doors to no purpose; and, when the party in pursuit arrived out of breath at the North Station, the train was some minutes on its way.

So many falsehoods have been wickedly fabricated and ignorantly repeated about the "Picpus Mysteries," that it is right to give facts here with some minuteness.

No man knows what he writes about better than M. Maxime du Camp. I condense his statement, and give it as perfectly trustworthy.

On the 10th of May a girl, Clémence B——, was locked up, not for the first time, in Saint-Lazare. Two days before, as she was passing the Church of St. Lawrence, she stopped to look at some ancient bones which were laid out before the door for public inspection under the guardianship of a soldier of the Commune, who had been instructed to say. "Lo and behold, the hypocrisy of priests!" Clémence laughed aloud: "Only an idiot could take in such nonsense." She paid for her indiscretion. The sentinel arrested her, and marched her off to a Commissary of police, who told her it was well for her that she was a woman: *Si vous étiez tant seulement un homme, je vous ferais fusiller.* She was despatched to the Dépôt and passed in due course to Saint-Lazare, as a reactionary, guilty of offering insults to the National Guard. It was certainly at an unlucky moment that she made the thoughtless observation. The public servants had just hit upon a brilliant train of thought. They had made some researches in a burial-place in the precincts of St. Lawrence which had been used, as was perfectly well known, till the Parliament in 1765, for sanitary reasons, forbade any further interment there. The most recent remains at St. Lawrence were a good century old. The best part of the ghastly joke was that about all this there was no doubt. It was a glaring fact. Upon this foundation the calumny was based. These mortal remains of long ago were boldly declared to be the bones of wretched women strangled or starved in the last few years by wicked priests. The horrible story, with no lack of dismal details and heart-rending illustrations, was printed and scattered about. "The priest worked alone! at his ease! all in darkness! Here is the Catholic Church fulfilling its mission! Study it well!" and endless effusions of silly hatred of Jesus Christ. The *Journal Officiel* published with avidity the dreadful disclosures, and a certain Leroudier, who signed his name for the municipality, descanted upon the iniquity at such

length that we must perforce restrict ourselves to some of the words of his peroration. "And you, people of Paris, intelligent, brave, kind-hearted, come all of you to learn how your wives and daughters perish at the hands of these miserable men. . . . And if your anger does not light up, if your eyes do not flash, if your hands are not clenched, then do like Charles the Fifth—lie down alive in your coffin,"—and so forth. Leroudier wrote privately to Raoul Rigault (the letter is extant): "We ought to have some clever writing to create a sensation, with explanatory diagrams. This venture in the Church of St. Lawrence, properly accepted, may be worth whole centuries of study and progress for collective humanity." It would be misplaced charity to imagine for a moment that the deceivers were self-deceived. The lie was palpable, and we can only blush for England that the *Times* could hope to please its readers by endorsing it.<sup>3</sup> It was one step in the preparation of the Parisian mob for the murder of the ministers of Jesus Christ. The committal of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary had been already accomplished. Now the *Dames Blanches* were sent after them—the whole community of ninety-one Sisters—to Saint-Lazare. Dreadful things were laid to their charge. All Paris knew their convent. It consisted of three parts, a house of education, a refuge, and a lunatic asylum. Three mad women were under the care of the Sisters. They suddenly became objects of deep solicitude to the Commune. It was noised abroad that they were shut up in wooden cages, chained, subjected to the torture of the rack. An orthopaedic couch,<sup>4</sup> of the kind well known in London, made in the benevolent design of removing slight deformities, spinal or otherwise, grew to the dimensions of an instrument of torture on the spot,—nothing that malice could invent was too absurd for Red-Republican (and English) gullibility.<sup>5</sup>

A few days before the arrival of the calumniated Sisters at Saint-Lazare the direction of the prison had passed into new hands. When Garreau, the savage locksmith, was deputed to the command of Mazas, at the end of April, Mouton, the

<sup>3</sup> See *Cassell's History of the War between France and Germany, 1870—1871*, vol. ii. p. 438.

<sup>4</sup> "The Superior," said the *Times*' correspondent, "explained that these were orthopaedic instruments—a superficial falsehood" (*Cassell's History*, l.c.).

<sup>5</sup> It may not seem quite insignificant to notice in passing that either the compiler of *Cassell's History* or the *Times*' correspondent whom he quotes, does not know the difference between the Fathers of Picpus and the Jesuits.

drunken shoemaker, superseded at Saint-Lazare Philip Hesse, who resumed his place in the army. Mouton, at all events when he was under the influence of drink, was tender-hearted and even lacrymose. He tried to speak with becoming severity to the old Mother Superior, but he fairly broke down and wept. Ten of the nuns were released at the end of a fortnight by the intervention of Mr. Washbourne, the American Ambassador. "It is only fair to M. Protol and his 'judges of instruction' to say that they never cared to create international vexations, and that as surely as any diplomatic personage applied for the release of a prisoner he was at once discharged." Paschal Grousset made himself useful in this way, and after the fall of the Commune, Lord Lyons and Mr. Washbourne made sundry representations in his favour, but could not procure his acquittal.

Sainte-Pelagie was founded in 1665 as a house of refuge for reclaimed women. It is so hopelessly behind the requirements of the age, that no cleaning, painting, and repairing can make it sweet or wholesome. There are no separate cells. Dormitories and common rooms are the only accommodation which it affords. It is therefore a place of contamination for ordinary delinquents, and of deep humiliation for political prisoners. The only way of dealing justly by the prison of Sainte-Pelagie is to rebuild it from the foundations. It was not much used during the Commune. The original intention may have been to reserve it for the more important prisoners. At all events a governor had been selected who was ready for any atrocity. Augustin Ranvier, whose brother Gabriel was one of the foremost members of the Committee of Public Safety, being appointed Governor, chose for his two assistants Benn, an Englishman, and Clément, and shortly afterwards promoted one of the prisoners, Préau de Védel, to be his secretary. These four men were inseparable companions, the real governor of the prison, by his superior talent, being Préau de Védel, who without any reversal of his sentence was quietly released from confinement and charged with the maintenance of discipline. Sainte-Pelagie under the Communal government was a nest of banditti. Every evening the Governor and his associates paid inquisitorial visits in the interests of the Public Safety. They forced their way rudely into private houses, declaring their right of search and plundering at their pleasure with the grossest insolence. Augustin Ranvier had been intrusted with another work of

great importance, which sometimes kept him absent for days from his post at the prison. From the very commencement of the Commune remote preparations were made for the burning of Paris, and the chief agent was the Governor of Sainte-Pelagie. Great efforts were made to familiarize the vulgar mind with the thought of murder and conflagration. Songs were composed and theatrical entertainments arranged in the view of inducing the people to join heartily in the desperate measures which had been devised. A concert given at the Tuileries with the concealed intention of sounding the popular feeling on this point left no doubt that Parisians were willing to burn Paris. On the 14th of May proclamation was made that all holders of inflammable substances were to send in an account of what they possessed. Cotton wicks were manufactured in extraordinary length and very pliable, and were saturated with sulphur. Then, as early as the 15th of May, the bands of incendiaries were put into training. The parts in the tragedy had been assigned, but there could be no rehearsals.

The prison of La Santé is as irreproachable in its internal arrangements as that of Sainte-Pelagie is defective. It is well ventilated and warmed, and one portion carefully separated is the central infirmary for the prisons of Paris. About 5 p.m., on the 19th of March, a furious mob of five or six thousand persons, men, women, and children, screaming and gesticulating, escorted General Chanzy and three other officers to the prison. Léo Meillet, Sérizier, and another strove in vain to protect them from personal violence. The crowd forgot that they could not at the same time keep and kill their hostages, and were too eager to shed blood to care very much whose blood it was. It was some time before many of them knew precisely who the four prisoners were. *À mort ! Ducrot ! à mort Vinoy ! à mort Aurelle de Paladines ! à mort les traitres et les vendus ! Vous nous avez fait manger de la paille ! Prussiens ! capitulards ! À mort ! à mort ! à la lanterne ! qu'on les fusille !* And when it was suggested that they had been calling out the wrong names. "It is Chanzy all the time." "So much the better, kill Chanzy!" General Chanzy behaved like a true soldier. He kept his composure through the terrible trial and marched with firm step, taking as little notice as possible of his cowardly assailants. When he reached the prison gate, his bald head was uncovered, his face swollen by a blow from a stick, his coat torn, and at the last moment he was felled to the ground.

Villemin, the head warder raised him up at once and dragged him into momentary safety. His first words were: "These poor wretches don't know what they are doing and must be forgiven." The gate was forced in and the mob surged through. It was a terrible moment, but the Governor of La Santé, M. Lefébure, contrived to slip the prisoners through a side gate, judging rightly that the first thing needed was to put the objects of popular indignation out of sight, then he persuaded Sérier, whose influence he had remarked, to call off the crowd. Sérier performed his task well. "He disgorged an allocution: 'Citizens—duty—country—the re-action—the Republic—the people's victory—the justice of the people—the great soul of the people—the sovereignty of the people.'" He was entirely successful, and the prison was cleared. Unfortunately for his fame, Sérier did far other work than this at La Santé two months later. The Central Committee sent an order for General Chanzy's immediate release, but the National Guards who surrounded the prison declared that they would shoot him on his first appearance, and it was necessary to keep him a week longer in order to save his life. Meantime, Lefébure was deposed, and Caullet appointed by Raoul Rigault. On the 20th of March, M. Claude, chief of the Department of Public Safety at the Prefecture of Police, was conveyed to La Santé. General Duval had tried to secure him for the Revolutionary Government, and on his unqualified refusal asked him where he wished to be sent to. "To my house, to be sure." "No, that cannot be; you must go to prison; and if you have no preference for one more than another, they shall take you to La Santé." He narrowly escaped the chassepots of the assassins who were waiting to prevent General Chanzy's escape. He was well known for his skill and daring to evil-doers in Paris. More hostages were added, three commissioners of police, with their secretaries, and other subordinate officials. On the 7th of April, five gendarmes and M. Icard, Rector, and M. Roussel, Procurator of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, arrived. The Governor Caullet, of whom it was said that he was two men by turns, gentle in the morning, but harsh and domineering when he had dined, was so far under the control of his good genius, M. Tixier, one of the old prison staff, that he permitted M. Icard to say Mass every day in the sacristy of the chapel in spite of even Raoul Rigault. On the 13th of May, forty-seven gendarmes completed the number of the hostages in La Santé.

The prison of Mazas, an immense building constructed for the cellular system, was in the hands of a company of the Guards of Paris, sixty-three in number. On the 19th of March, they were in great danger of being massacred, but were finally permitted to retire to Versailles. On the 21st of March, the new Governor, Mouton, assumed the command, and to the great misfortune of the prisoners, those of the working staff who had been most active in saving the Guard of Paris were superseded. On the 6th of April, Mgr. Darboy, President Bonjean, and the rest arrived from the Dépôt. On the 18th of April, the Fathers of Picpus arrived from the Conciergerie. They were followed in due course by more than five hundred State prisoners, and among them M. Jecker, the Mexican banker, who applied for a passport under an assumed name, and while the clerk was taking down the particulars, was recognized by the head of the office, who ran to Levrault, who ran to Rigault, with the tidings: "We have Jecker." "A good catch!" Rigault remarked, as he signed the order of arrest. M. Haussmann, the elder, very narrowly escaped a similar fate. He went in unconscious innocence to ask for a passport, and was quietly mounting the stairs at the Prefecture of Police, when a boy touched his arm, and whispered: "Follow me at once, or you are lost." It has been said that Mouton offered to facilitate the escape of the Archbishop and M. Bonjean from Mazas, and that they both refused, because harm would come therefrom to others. The story is of doubtful value. It would have been especially difficult to rescue the two chief hostages. Public negotiations were begun for an exchange of prisoners, Mr. Washbourne using all his influence to bring it about. The Government of the Commune offered to surrender some priests if Blanqui were restored to them. M. Thiers would neither treat with rebels nor acknowledge that the hostages were in serious danger.

It was an evil day for the hostages in Mazas, Archbishop Darboy, and his clergy, President Bonjean, the *curés* and *vicaires* and seminarists and the Fathers of Picpus and of the Society of Jesus, the commissioners of police and the rest, when at the end of April Mouton went and Garreau came. On the 17th of May the death of the hostages was decreed conditionally, and on the 22nd and 23rd of May fifty-four hostages, all who were "of any importance," were transferred to the prison of the condemned, La Grande Roquette. "That is only a beginning," said Garreau. "I have orders to fire the house if the

Versailles troops come near." The officials of the prison took care that he did no such thing. His power was no longer equal to his malice. On the 23rd and 24th no fresh orders came. On the 25th, the Versaillais broke into the prison: "Where is the President? where is the Archbishop?" Garreau was brought out, propped against the wall and shot. Most of the prisoners had been assisted to escape.

Before we follow the Archbishop and his companions to La Grande Roquette and contemplate the last scene of the prison-tragedy, we may assist at the martyrdom of the Dominican Fathers of Arcueil. In the early morning of the 22nd of May, the day on which Delescluze published his proclamation, *Place au peuple, aux combattants aux bras nus? l'heure de la guerre révolutionnaire a sonné!* Sérizier sent to La Santé a train of waggons with barrels of powder and ammunition of all kinds, with orders that they were to be stored up in the vaults of the prison. The Governor, Caullet, again yielded to the advice of his visible guardian angel, Tixier, and refused to receive the dangerous gift. He sent, however, to Ferré for orders. Ferré told him to obey Sérizier. In spite of them both, relying upon the support of his officers, he sent the convoy away. A few hours later he received a despatch which made him turn pale. Ferré ordered him to have all the political prisoners shot if the Versaillais tried to carry the place by assault. He was divided between his dread of Ferré and his repugnance to commit the crime. Good advice again prevailed, and he said: "I will not let a hair of their heads fall." "Unless," said one who knew him well, "he takes too much to drink." Near midnight Sérizier arrived, accompanied by Millière,<sup>6</sup> and asked if the hostages had been shot. Caullet answered firmly, No. Sérizier called for the books and began to draw up his list. "They must all be shot and your prison-officers too. They are in league with Versailles." Caullet held out bravely, seeking only to gain time, and declared that his obedience was due to the Prefecture of Police and not to the military commanders. Sérizier suddenly asked him: "Have you retained in service the old staff of the prison?" "Yes." "Imbécile!" However, Sérizier saw that he could do nothing more without some help from without. He shook his fist in Caullet's face,

<sup>6</sup> Millière was a man of literary power, self-educated. Much has been said about the brutality of executing such a man. A murderer of cultivated intellect is not less deserving of death, but more deserving of death, than an illiterate man.

"I will come back for you," he exclaimed. He gave the list of hostages to the captain on guard. "You will have these men shot, and look to it yourself; or I will return and shoot them and you." The captain was an honest man, and his company happened to be exceptionally respectable. They were easily converted from enemies to friends. The captain, convinced by the manly arguments of the chief gaoler, M. Adam, declared that he would have nothing to do with Sérizier's infamous orders, for that his men were soldiers not assassins. Sérizier not being able to return in force to La Santé, did not forget the recalcitrant Governor. He bombarded the prison from the Buttes-aux-Cailles and did not desist till he saw it, as he supposed, in flames. He was in error, and the prison escaped with a torn roof and broken windows. Ferré, on his part, supposed that the powder had been deposited according to his orders, and that La Santé was only waiting the word of death. Meantime, the Versaillais arrived, the officers of the prison deposed Caullet, the hostages were saved, and Caullet reserved for trial. He found mercy as he deserved.

But Sérizier had his own way in that neighbourhood nevertheless. He was absolute master of a "sectional prison" in the Avenue d'Italie, where he had been able to collect ninety-seven prisoners, and among them the Dominican Fathers from the College of Albert le Grand, who had been first imprisoned in Fort Bicêtre and then for greater security transferred to the mayoralty house of the Place d'Italie and thence to Sérizier's own pet prison. Léo Meillet, the commandant of Fort Bicêtre received orders on the 19th of May to carry off the Dominican Fathers. The College was regularly invested. Léo Meillet entered valiantly and ordered Père Captier to summon the household. As the readiest means of doing this Père Captier sent one of the boys to ring the College bell. A "judge of instruction" of most acute intelligence, who was one of the intruding party at once felt sure that the boy was giving a signal to the Versailles army. However, in consideration of the traitor's tender years, he forbore to shoot him. Six Dominican Fathers, three boys, and eighteen servants of the College, who had all done good service in the ambulance, were led away at seven in the evening with every insult to Fort Bicêtre, and kept standing under the arches till past midnight. They were then thrust unceremoniously into a casemate to stretch themselves on the ground as best they might. Next

morning the Prior, Père Captier, and the Procurator, Père Cotrault, demanded an explanation of this strange treatment, and were told not to trouble themselves. All the 22nd and 23rd of May they were left without food, while their College was being pillaged. Orders were then given to burn it, but those charged with this task were not sufficiently sober to understand what was expected from them. On the 25th of May, twenty of the hostages from Arcueil were committed to the care of Sérizier in his prison of the Avenue d'Italie. They were ordered to work at the barricades, and on their refusal were locked up again. The deliverers were close at hand, but Sérizier could not forget his prey. He was frantic with rage as the news came fast of the progress of the Versaillais. They had surprised the Pantheon before it could be blown up, Millière had been shot, La Santé was captured. Sérizier stimulated his courage with glass after glass of brandy. He rushed down the Avenue d'Italie. "Come with me," he cried, "all good men, to finish off these shavelings!" He was joined by some men and two girls with guns. In the last madness of the Commune, the women surpassed the men in daring and cruelty, but their courage was an unnatural rage and could not last. After fighting like tigresses and revelling in bloodshed at the barricades, they would fall on their knees when they came face to face with the soldiers of the line, and with hands clasped, cry for mercy. Sérizier, with his right hand man, Louis Boin (otherwise Bobèche), to whom he had specially confided the care of his prisoners, and with his other followers and his amazons stood in front of the prison. "Ready?" asked Sérizier. "Yes," one of the girls answered, "not one shall escape." Bobèche, holding his little boy by the hand, a child of six years old, entered the prison. "Come, you *calotins*, let us be off. If you want to save yourselves you have not too much time." The Dominican Fathers, Captier, Bourard, Delhorme, Cotrault, Chatagneret, and the other prisoners from the College of Albert le Grand, followed to the gate. Bobèche, still with his little boy, was standing on the causeway outside. "Come out, one by one," he said. Père Cotrault led the way. He advanced a few steps and was struck by a ball. "Is is possible?" he said, throwing up his arms as he fell. Père Captier said gently and firmly: *Allons, mes enfants! pour le bon Dieu!* They all rushed out at once to make at least an effort to escape. Twelve were shot down as they ran for their lives: a few were

able to reach the cross-streets. Not one of the Dominican Fathers was spared. The spectators in the street and at the windows enjoyed the exciting chase, and laughed and clapped their hands. Sérizier was so far pleased, but there were other prisoners inside. He called for the register, and was picking out fresh victims when Bobèche said a little word in his ear. He sprang to his feet in terror, dropping the pen, darted across the street, and disappeared. The Versaillais were in the Avenue d'Italie. A woman, whose husband Sérizier had caused to be shot, made it her daily task to search for him. She told her secret to no one, but she persevered in her grim purpose, till at the end of five months she found the murderer. He was captured at the end of October, and after four months detention at the Dépôt, was condemned to death in February and suffered with Bobèche.

The evening before the martyrdom of the Dominicans a barricade in the Boulevard Arago was carried, and a Communist officer was pursued into a house. The owner was required to produce him at once. He obeyed reluctantly. His lodger, who was Raoul Rigault, was sitting by a little window opening on the roof. "The soldiers are in the house, you must go down." Rigault wished to try to escape by the roof. "No, go down, give yourself up, or they will shoot me in your place." To this strange appeal Rigault surrendered after a moment's hesitation. "Very well, I am not a coward, let us go down." He was armed with a sword and revolver, but he gave himself up quietly to a corporal and two soldiers on the stairs. As they were leading him to the Luxembourg, they were met by a colonel of the Staff, who asked the name of the prisoner. "It is I, Raoul Rigault! *A bas les assassins!*" The corporal putting a revolver to his head bade him cry, *Vive l'armée!* He cried instead, *Vive la Commune!* The corporal fired, and Rigault fell dead.

La Petite Roquette, the house of detention for juvenile offenders, was converted under the Commune into a military prison. Twelve hundred loyal soldiers were confined within its walls in the final struggle. The Governor was a young lithographer, Clovis Briant, who loved good cheer, and often feasted with his fellow-governors, Garreau, Mouton, and François.

François, of La Grande Roquette, who has been mentioned as taking part in the murder of M. Jecker, was one of the most brutal of all the officers of the Commune, hating gendarmes

only less than he hated priests. To his tender mercies the principal hostages, fifty-four in number, were confided when Mazas was no longer at a safe distance from the advancing liberators. The Governor of La Grande Roquette was evil-minded beyond his fellows, and his chief officer, Ramain, chosen by him, was like himself, but the subordinate members of the staff were, if possible, more honest and faithful than their brethren in other prisons. The military guard of La Roquette had been composed of about sixty men. On the 22nd of May six companies of evil fame were installed in the outer court under the command of Verig, another of the murderers of M. Jecker. Their coming foreboded mischief. François was at great pains to explain to Verig the ground-plan and internal arrangements of the prison. At ten o'clock that same night a great tumult was heard in the street, and shouts of "Death to the priests!" It was the first relay of the hostages from Mazas. They had been treated with indescribable barbarity on that *via dolorosa*, as the tumbrils jolted them over the broken ground, past the barricades, through a crowd of half-drunken savages, swarming out from the taverns as the *cortège* went by. François received the venerable men with deliberate insolence, peering into the Archbishop's face, and then planting himself in front of Fathers Olivaint and Caubert to stare at them long and rudely, that he might see, as he said, what a Jesuit was like. The incarceration was a simple matter. The names were not entered in any registry, but the invoice of persons delivered was tossed into a drawer, and a receipt, unsigned, sent back to Mazas, couched in these words: "Received forty curés and magistrates." Mgr. Darboy was locked up in cell No. 1, President Bonjean in cell No. 2, M. Deguerry in No. 3, the Archdeacon Mgr. Surat in No. 4. The largest and best cell, No. 23, fell to the Abbé de Marsy. They were thrust into the cells, and left in total darkness to grope about. An iron bedstead was the only piece of furniture, great or little. One consolation, and a great one, awaited them in the morning. At Mazas Garreau had kept all the hostages carefully apart in solitary confinement. At La Grande Roquette, perhaps that they might be more accessible when wanted, they were assembled in one place, and permitted to converse. With childish delight they ran to greet one another. The Archbishop was at once surrounded by the priests asking his blessing. He was almost always with M. Bonjean, sitting at his side, or supporting him as he

walked, for the President was feeble, and suffering from ill-treatment.

Père Olivaint met an old college friend whom he had not seen for thirty-four years, M. Chevriaux. It was an affectionate recognition. A priest's first thought at such a moment could only be about the "one thing necessary." Père Olivaint asked at once if his friend had prepared himself for death, and ascertained from him that he had been able to make his confession in prison.

On the evening of the 23rd of May Delescluze, "delegate of war," Ferré, "delegate of public safety," and the other members of the Communal government, transferred their headquarters from the Hotel de Louvres, which was forthwith burned by their orders, to the immediate neighbourhood of La Roquette. It had been felt for some time that Belleville must be the last stronghold of the insurrection. A permanent court-martial was established, under the presidency of Genton, not for the purpose of deciding the fate of prisoners taken red-handed, but to condemn priests and magistrates, precluded by the very fact of their imprisonment from taking part in the war. The first order which issued from this tribunal was despatched to La Roquette on the 24th of May. It enjoined the execution of six hostages, but two only were designated by name—the Archbishop and President Bonjean. In the afternoon François was at his "usual post of observation," that is to say in a tavern, drinking, when he saw a file of soldiers on their way to La Roquette, headed by Genton in person. François reached the prison at the same time that they did. There was some delay because the superintendent required absolutely that all the six should be named, and brought François to his opinion that without this precaution an unnecessary responsibility would be incurred. Genton made out a list from the register, Darboy, Bonjean, Jecker, Allard, Clerc, Ducoudray. Then he struck his pen through the name Jecker, and substituted Deguerry. "Will that suit you?" he asked François. "It is all the same to me if it is duly approved." Cursing him and his scruples, Genton went away. An elegant young man in a red scarf, who was at the time a "mysterious unknown," began to revile François. He turned out afterwards to be Edmund Mégy, ex-Commandant of Issy, a felon, who owed to the Commune his release from fifteen years of penal servitude. He came on this occasion to offer his services in murdering old and unarmed men, and four

years later he boasted of his exploits in a letter, to which he signed his name, in the *New York Sunday Mercury*. Henrion, one of the prison staff, said to some of the party of soldiers, "Take care what you are doing. These are assassinations, and you will have to pay for them later." The poor men did not like their work. They had been told it was a matter of necessary reprisals. Within the hour Genton returned. François had no longer any scruples. Everything was in legal form. Order was given to Henrion to unbar the gate. "I must fetch the keys," he said; but he had them in his hand. He went out of the hall, threw his keys behind a dust-heap, and ran without stopping to the barrier of Vincennes, which with a clever excuse and a judicious disbursement he was able to pass. Then he continued his flight to Pantin, and could give no account of himself beyond sobbing hysterically, "They are going to kill them, they are going to kill them!"

When he did not return with the keys, the soldiers were ordered to mount to the next storey, and the list of hostages was given to a warder, Beaucé. He did not know what was in contemplation, and was on his way to summon the prisoners specified when he met the file of soldiers, and the truth flashed upon him. He fell back, and had to cling to the wall for support. Ramain seized the keys and the list from him. Meantime the soldiers had been divided into two parties, one being stationed before the opened gate of the ward, and the other led along the corridor of cells, and down the stairs to the infirmary garden. At the sound of their measured tread, and the clanking steel, the hostages in the cells, as one of the survivors said afterwards, could hear the beating of their hearts. Ramain cried out, "Darboy!" and was going to cell No. 1. A calm voice from the other end of the passage answered, "Here!" The Abbé de Marsy had procured an exchange of cells, for No. 23 was more commodious than No. 1. The Archbishop was taken to an open space in the middle of the ward. The next name was "Bonjean." "Here! I am getting my overcoat." "Don't mind that, you will do as you are," said Ramain, taking him by the arm, and leading him out. "Deguerry." No answer. A second call, and the curé was with the rest. The Abbé Allard, the Jesuit Fathers Clerc and Ducoudray answered to their names, and the number was complete. The soldiers at the entrance of the ward advanced, and Ramain showed the way. Two warders, pale and sick, could not bear to look as they passed.

M. Bonjean exclaimed aloud, "My dear wife! My dear children!" He meant these words to reach the ears of those whom he loved. They reached the infirmary garden. Mégy wished to stop there, but it was carried against him. A more retired spot would be better! After some delay, which gave time for absolution and prayer, while Ramain was searching for a key, they were taken to the outer wall, which separated the prison inclosure from the Rue de la Folie Reynault. The six victims were placed in line against the wall. It was a quarter to eight in the evening. Genton gave the word.

Early the next morning, the 25th of May, M. Jecker was murdered, as was related in our last number. Some of the warders thought that the time had come for attempting a resistance. It would be quite possible, though necessarily very dangerous, when the night-guard of only sixty or eighty men were on duty, to rouse the gendarmes who were in confinement, and, having minimized the opposition by supplying the sentinels with wine, to achieve an escape by force. The brave warder, Pinet, confided the proposal to a distinguished officer, one of the prisoners, M. Geanty, who thought it chimerical, and on his refusal to sanction it the scheme was abandoned.

On the 25th of May Delescluze gave the order to transfer all the hostages, about fifteen hundred, from the two prisons of La Roquette to the mayoralty of Belleville. His object was to make terms with the victorious Government. The Commune, entrenched behind fifteen hundred innocent persons, could say, "Either death to all these, or permission to us to depart with our lives: make your choice." The order of Delescluze was countersigned by Ferré and delivered to Sicard and Émile Gois for execution when the last moment should arrive. Meantime Delescluze was killed. I need not here discuss the relative probability of the very different stories which were circulated about the manner of his death. The chief command was offered, on his demise, to Wroblewski, who prudently declined. Hippolyte Parent was next invited to assume the dangerous post, and consented. He was excellently well qualified for the task, being thirty-two years old, and having from the age of twenty spent much of his time in prison for various fraudulent practices, commitment following commitment in rapid succession.

Émile Gois, a man of detestable life, with the advice of his advisers, thought that it would simplify the transfer of hostages if the priests and some of the gendarmes were shot by way of

prelude. About four o'clock on the 25th of May Ramain entered the "fourth ward." "Attention! answer to your names! I want fifteen, and I already have one." All answered. One name puzzled the officer. "Bénigny, Bénigé!" Father de Bengy stepped forward: "You mean me." He joined Fathers Olivaint and Caubert. Paul Seigneret, a young Seminary priest, an Aloysius in innocence and zeal, thirsting for martyrdom in China and finding it in Paris, was one of the thrice and four times happy band. There were fourteen in all, eleven priests and three laymen.<sup>7</sup>

While Ramain was collecting his party, the gendarmes and *sergents de ville*, whose resistance might have been very formidable—for they were more than fifty in number and for the most part old soldiers—were decoyed from the ward and induced to march peaceably by the shameless falsehood that, the supply of bread having failed, they were going to the head-quarters at Belleville to share in a distribution of food, and would be then dismissed. The warden made a significant gesture, which conveyed plainly to M. Geanty the advice to stay where he was; but the old man had no nerve left for independent action, and he went, though not deceived, with the rest. The escort consisted of only thirty-five men. Emile Gois sent back the fifteen *sergents de ville*, but still the gendarmes alone, to say nothing of the priests, were more numerous than the escort. If their spirit had not been completely broken they would not have gone so submissively to the butchery, for the deception must have been very soon dispelled when the now sympathizing crowd of non-combatants at Belleville called to them to save themselves. The gendarmes, with M. Geanty at their head, went first, then the few civilians, and finally the eleven priests. They passed along the Boulevard de Menilmontant, skirting the wall of Père-la-Chaise, and were halted before the strong barricade at the end of Rue Oberkampf. Here Emile Gois having solicited and obtained a whole company of the 74th regiment to complete his escort, led the way to the right up the ascent of the Rue de Menilmontant as far as the Rue de Puebla. So far the march had been almost undisturbed, but from this point the hostages suffered terribly; for the high ground was crowded with the very scum of the population of Paris, looking on at the awfully

<sup>7</sup> Four Secular Priests, Planchat, Sabatier, Benoit, Seigneret; four Fathers of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (of Picpus), Radigue, Tuffier, Rouchouze, Tardieu; three Jesuits, Olivaint, Caubert, de Bengy.

grand spectacle of the scattered conflagration below. Men were dropping in from the Buttes Chaumont, enraged by their ill-success and vowing vengeance. It was with difficulty that they could be restrained from murdering the prisoners there and then. The mayoralty house was in the Rue des Rigoles, a continuation of the Rue de Puebla, and there Gabriel Ranzier ordered the *cortège* to stop, and he told the hostages that they had a quarter of an hour for making their wills if they liked. Meantime an immense crowd gathered for the spectacle. In a few minutes the prisoners were again in motion. Ranzier said to Gois: *Va me fusiller tout cela aux remparts!*

They were led along the Rue de Paris, jostled by the angry crowd, pelted with stones and struck in the face by men and women. On arriving at the Rue Haxo a consultation was held about the place of execution, and finally a spot was selected, which is now No. 83 of the Rue Haxo. There some little houses standing in a cluster had formed the military head-quarters in Belleville during the siege. The hostages were collected in a square space of some size, separated by a feeble fence from a very large garden, in which were detached walls and foundations of an unfinished building. M. Geanty was placed with his back against the wall of one of the houses. There was a moment's hesitation, followed by a rush of the crowd. The fence was broken down and the hostages were dragged into the garden and placed in front of a low wall. A woman fired the first shot. There was no semblance of official order. Guns and pistols were fired indiscriminately. Then the gendarmes were required to leap one by one over the low wall that they might be "shot flying!" The priests refused to submit to this last insult. They were therefore thrown over the wall. One of them fell with the wretch who held him, and "the people" shot them both where they lay. The massacre took an hour to accomplish, and was only finished then by an order to probe with bayonets the heap of bodies, which still groaned and heaved. The corpse of Père de Bengy received seventy-two bayonet thrusts.

The French troops were slowly but surely closing round Belleville. The cause of the Commune was desperate. Ferré bethought him of the remaining hostages in La Roquette and appeared with a numerous body of soldiers at midday on the 27th of May. He had waited a little too long. The Versaillais were near. The warders of La Roquette, making common cause with the prisoners, "barred out" the murderers, and after

an ineffectual attempt to burn the barricade of mattresses, Ferré and François decamped only just in time to escape from the avengers. Unfortunately, some of the priests left the prison too soon. Mgr. Surat, and two curés MM. Bécourt and Houillon lost their lives, the first by a woman's hand.

Ferré lay hid for some time, disguised as a woman. François also escaped for the moment. Both were discovered after a short interval, condemned and executed. Not till Sunday, the 28th of May, did the deliverers arrive at La Roquette. The more prudent of the prisoners had kept within, and were still "barring out." They would not open the gates to the Marines, but when they caught sight of the red trowsers of the Line they knew that they were saved. "*Vive la France!*" "The Archbishop? M. Bonjean?" "All shot!" There was a thrill of horror at the word. They had arrived too late.

ARTHUR G. KNIGHT.

## *Two Irish Foundresses.*

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THE revival of religion, or rather the development of the religious spirit in all its beautiful varieties of life, in Ireland, which had already made immense progress in the country before Catholic Emancipation was granted—many years after it had been promised—is one of the brightest features in the history of the Church in the nineteenth century. While the children of the Green Isle were planting Catholic churches and communities all over the world, driven too often from their native shores by hardship and persecution at home, they were not the less actively occupied in adorning that home with the most precious fruits of their zeal and piety. The amount of money which must have been spent in church building alone in the course of the last three quarters of a century must be something that would appear fabulous. But this development of life may have come more plentifully into sight in the later decades of the time of which we speak. The earlier period was prolific even in a nobler way, for it is to that period that we must attribute the foundation on Irish soil, and, so to speak, of Irish materials, of three at least of the flourishing religious Congregations of which the country is so justly proud. We shall confine ourselves, in the present paper, to those which owe their origin, in great measure, at least, to the enlightened zeal and courageous activity of a single prelate—the late Archbishop Murray, the predecessor of Cardinal Cullen in the see of Dublin.

Dr. Murray will be remembered in the history of the Irish Church as having been mainly instrumental, under Providence, in saving the country from the state to which it might perhaps have been reduced if the English Government had succeeded—as it nearly did succeed—in obtaining from the Holy See the right of Veto in episcopal nominations. A right of that kind may sometimes be exercised in a spirit of fairness, and the state of things in a particular country may be such that a Minister hostile to the Church may not be able to find tools among

the clergy. In such a state of things, the concession of the right of Veto may sometimes be the lesser evil of those among which the Holy See has to choose in its arrangements with the Government. Thus we find that, in the France of Louis Philippe, it was hardly possible for the Government to injure the Church seriously by its interference in the nomination of Bishops. But in the case of Ireland, and at the time when the Veto was nearly wrung from Pius the Seventh by the Government to which he was certainly under considerable obligations, the concession of such a power would certainly have placed in the hands of the Ministry of the day a formidable instrument for political influence, which would probably not have been used for the benefit of the Church. That such a power was not conceded to the Government by the Holy See seems to have been mainly owing, under God, to the exertions of the great prelate of whom we are speaking. But Archbishop Murray has left his mark upon the country, not merely by the negative service of having saved her from a great mischief, but in many very positive benefits, none of which are greater or more permanent than those which are the result of his activity in supplying the Irish Church with three religious orders, of the services of which she was greatly in need.

We observe a curious contrast in this respect between the Catholic Church in England and in Ireland respectively. Few things in the annals of the time of persecution in England, hardly even the martyrdoms themselves, are more glorious and consoling than the activity of the oppressed Catholics in the maintainance of the religious state. England always had been, and, we trust, always will be, one of the Christian countries in which religious institutes were and are to be cherished with a singular affection and devotion. As long as it was impossible for such institutes to flourish as of old in one part of Great Britain, English Catholics founded institutes and convents of their own in the Catholic countries of the Continent. Many of these communities crossed the seas at the time of the French Revolution, unable any longer to live in peace in the disturbed state of things abroad, and thus restored to England, as soon as she was able to receive it, the precious seed of the religious life which had once been so fruitful on English soil, and for which, as we trust, a long era of fertility is yet to come. It is to these communities that we owe many of our most flourishing convents. The religious orders of men had lingered on, also, in great

measure, on foreign soil, though far less exclusively so than the female communities, while it is hardly too much to say that the Catholic life of the country was in large measure preserved by their members labouring on the mission. The last half-century of English Catholicism has been remarkable chiefly for three things: the great influx of converts from Anglicanism, the introduction of a large number of foreign Congregations, chiefly of women, and the establishment of a Hierarchy. In Ireland, on the other hand, the converts have as yet been few. English bigotry and prejudice are bad enough: but the bigotry and prejudice of Irish Protestantism have an intensity not to be found in any other country under the sun. But the developments of religious life in Ireland have come from the soil itself. Comparatively speaking, few of the flourishing religious communities, at least of women, have been introduced from abroad. The soil itself has been richly fertile of fruits of its own. The four most flourishing Congregations of women in Ireland, the Nuns of the Presentation, the Irish Sisters of Charity, the Loreto Nuns, and the Sisters of Mercy, are all of Irish growth, although two of them, as we shall have occasion to point out, are in truth shoots transplanted from an old English stock, the history of which is exceedingly curious and interesting, the members of which flourish abroad, especially in Bavaria and the neighbouring countries, under the name of "The English Virgins." They are known here and in Ireland as the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin," and their origin dates from the early days of persecution, like the Carmelite and other communities which have been settled in England since the days of the French Revolution. Thus the Continent no longer afforded them a safe asylum, just at the time when the noble sympathy awakened in this country by the sufferings of the *émigrés* and other victims of the Revolution had softened the religious prejudices of Englishmen, even against Catholics of their own blood. The "Institute of the Blessed Virgin," however, can boast of having a much more ancient hold on English soil than the communities which came over from the Continent at the end of the last century. It has been in existence in York since the days of Charles the Second, and it is from this time-honoured community that the Irish Sisters of Charity and Loreto derive their training and traditions. The communities which we have named have multiplied with remarkable fertility on Irish soil, and this has given rise to the contrast of which we have spoken. In

England we have a very considerable number of French communities, French as to origin and as to a great proportion of their members. In Ireland the native race has shown its inexhaustible fecundity in this way also, and the land is full of new Orders as well as of old, the great majority of whose members are of Irish origin. Without any desire to disparage the boon which has been conferred upon England by the immigration of so many foreign religious, we cannot but think that the circumstances of the case involve a very decided and positive advantage to the sister Isle.

It is to Dr. Murray that Irish Catholics owe the creation of the three latest religious communities, each of them devoted to active works of charity of various kinds, of which we have been speaking. He was in truth the father of the Irish Sisters of Charity, and of the nuns of the Institute of Mary, called, till lately, the Loreto Nuns. He stood in somewhat the same relation to Mrs. Macauley, and the Sisters of Mercy who were her spiritual children. The Sisters of Mercy are more or less of an entirely new Congregation. Dr. Murray's part with regard to them was to bring about the transformation of what was intended to be merely an assembly of pious ladies into a religious community. The other two Congregations are, as has been said, offshoots from the old Institute of the "English Virgins." We shall not pause in the present paper to speak of the Sisters of Mercy, the latest and not the least beautiful of these fair creations of grace, for the readers of this Review have already had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the life and work of Catharine Macauley. In the case both of the Sisters of Charity and of the Loreto nuns, Dr. Murray chose to send the ladies to whom he intended to intrust the foundation of these works to make their novitiate in another country, rather than to begin his foundations under the auspices of foreign nuns who were to train the Irish novices. His policy was prudent and enlightened in a high degree, and the result showed the blessing of Heaven upon him.

The actual course of circumstances under which the Institute of the Irish Sisters of Charity was formed and moulded into the shape which it ultimately retained, has all that accidental appearance which is often to be remarked as to the beginnings of great works for the service of God. Dr. Murray's original intention seems to have been to form a Congregation of ladies who might be affiliated to and resemble in all particulars the

French Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Miss Mary Aikenhead, on whom he fixed as his foundation-stone of the new spiritual edifice, implored him that she might at least have the advantage of a thorough training in the religious life, but it does not appear to have occurred to either of them that she and her companion, Miss Walsh, should be sent to make a novitiate in France. On the contrary, the Convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin at York was selected as the place where they were to be trained in the exercises and virtues of the religious state. They remained there nearly three years, from June 1812, having petitioned for a longer probation at the end of the year of noviceship, and being further delayed by the difficulties experienced by Dr. Murray as to the execution of his original project. It was not till 1815 that it was finally decided to abandon the idea of a connection with the *Filles de la Charité* of St. Vincent. Dr. Murray found that he could only obtain the affiliation which he desired by placing his future Congregation under the obedience of the *Filles de la Charité* and of the Lazarist Superiors who govern them. Thus it came about that the spirit of the new Congregation was altogether different from that of the Sisters of Charity, commonly so-called, and identical in all essential respects with that of the "English Virgins" who had been so long settled at Micklegate Bar. The effect of this difference cannot be over-estimated. The rules of the new Congregation were those of the "English Virgins," and their Constitutions, which were drawn up some years after the actual beginning of their work by Father St. Leger, of the Society of Jesus, were based on the Institute of St. Ignatius rather than on that of St. Vincent de Paul. The result is that the Irish Sisters of Charity belong to the order of religious Congregations of women who cultivate above all the interior spirit according to the model of St. Ignatius. These Congregations are now very numerous, and embrace the larger part of the modern institutes for active work which have sprung into life since the great catastrophe of the French Revolution. Many of them, such as the Dames du Sacré Cœur, the Faithful Companions of Jesus, the Religious of Notre Dame, and the like, were founded by the zealous priests who, under the name of the Congregation of the *Pères de la Foi*, attempted to imitate the then extinct Society under the Directory, Consulate, and Empire, and who afterwards, when the Society was restored in 1814, became themselves Jesuits. The "English Virgins"

of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin were already in possession of the full traditions of the method of St. Ignatius, which perhaps, at the time of which we speak, were not to be found elsewhere. Long before the success of the new Institute of the Irish Sisters of Charity had become assured, objections were made to the great cultivation of the interior spirit in women destined for active work.

Doubtless some may have thought [writes the biographer of Mary Aikenhead] that the strictness of the interior discipline would prove too severe a trial for women to bear ; and that it was hardly wise to impose on the weaker sex at once the hard toil of active charity, and that subjection of spirit which would appear to come more within the scope of masculine strength of endurance, and to accord better with the spirit of certain religious orders of men. But Mrs. Aikenhead remained unshaken in her opinion that both could be united, and in this she was strongly supported by Father St. Leger, and also by the Archbishop, who declared it to be his conviction that "Sisters of Charity should be more interior than other religious." The result soon showed that too much was not attempted. The training of the novitiate did not over-strain the delicate and sympathetic intellectual constitution of women ; but it supplied much of that mental strength and culture, which, it is so often said, a course of logic and rhetoric would develope in the gentler sex. Women of a naturally robust and vivacious intellectual fibre developed into a noble and beautiful type of character under a system of training which aimed most of all at the quickening of the spiritual life ; and women who had seemed in the world ungifted and unimportant often surprised their old friends by the capacities they displayed as Sisters of Charity. Indeed, when the new Congregation came before the world, as it did ere long, under various and trying circumstances, many persons wondered how it was that so many very superior women happened to be congregated together. It was observed that the Sisters of Charity had the understanding of men, and were fitted for any position in the world.<sup>1</sup>

It is time, however, to say a few words about the remarkable ladies who were the instruments placed in Dr. Murray's hands for the foundation of the two Institutes of which we speak. Mary Aikenhead has already been mentioned in the extract just now given. She was born in 1787, in Cork, the offspring of a mixed marriage. The mother's family—she was a Stacpole—connected her with many of the most ancient and honourable families in the north of Ireland. The father was a Protestant doctor, and it was stipulated that his wife should be free to

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Mary Aikenhead*, p. 186.

practise her religion, but that the children should be brought up in the Established Church. This arrangement did not prevent Mary, the eldest child, from being intrusted to a poor Catholic couple at Eason's Hill, to be nursed and brought up in her earliest years, and thus it was that she became familiar with Catholic practices of devotion while a mere child. After some time she was removed to her father's home in the city of Cork, still, however, with her faithful Irish nurse to take care of her. When she became a girl she used to go to the Protestant services with her father, but he died at the end of the year 1801, having been received into the Catholic Church on his death-bed. In the following year Mary received her first great religious impression from a sermon of Dr. Florence MacCarthy on the history of Dives and Lazarus, and became a Catholic in June, 1802. At least she was then received, but it is fair to say that her good nurse at Eason's Hill had taken her to the priest to be christened while she was still a baby.

It was in 1807 that Mary Aikenhead made the acquaintance of a lady whose name will have to be placed side by side with her own in these few pages—Miss Fanny Ball, the future foundress of the Nuns of Loreto. A sister of Miss Ball's was professed in the Ursuline Convent in Cork in 1807, and the ceremony brought Fanny and another sister, Mrs. O'Brien, to the convent. Mrs. O'Brien pressed Mary Aikenhead to pay her a long visit in Dublin, and in the following year the engagement was faithfully kept. Mary had already felt some drawing to the religious life. There were at Cork two convents, of the Ursulines and of the Presentation Nuns, and Mary, who had always had a great love for the poor, and who visited them as frequently as she was able, was inclined to give herself to their service in the last-named Convent. A friend of hers, however, was going to enter a convent of "Mitigated" Poor Clares at Harold's Cross, near Dublin, and she made Mary promise not to decide her choice until she had seen what the life of the Poor Clares was. The visit which Mary now paid to the O'Briens at Dublin enabled her to visit her friend at Harold's Cross. But she did not feel drawn to this community when she made their acquaintance. Her mother died not long after her return from Dublin, and her younger sisters were placed in the Ursuline Convent at Cork for their education. Mary was then, to some extent, free. She returned to her friends in Dublin in 1809, where she had already become intimate with Dr. Murray, who

was just then consecrated coadjutor to Archbishop Troy. Mary was told that he intended to introduce an Order of Sisters of Charity into Dublin, and she was at once strongly drawn to assist in the project. Some chance words which were observed by her friends made them discern her inclinations more clearly perhaps than she knew them herself, and Mrs. O'Brien was commissioned by the Archbishop to sound her as to joining the intended congregation. She replied that, "If an efficient Superior and two or three members undertook the work she should certainly think that in joining them she was doing what God required of her." She had little idea at the time that she was herself to be the "efficient Superior." But Dr. Murray penetrated her character, and at once saw in her the natural qualities on which grace might engraft the spiritual gifts fitted for so arduous a position. It was only after a severe struggle that she gave her consent to the proposal, and at length, with one companion, Miss Walsh, she set out for York. We have already said that it was at her own urgent request that Dr. Murray provided for his postulants the advantages of the careful training which was only to be had in a long-established community, endowed with a well-formed rule, and, what is not less important, accurate and full traditions as to the manner of its observance.

The reader of the interesting Life of Mary Aikenhead, to which we have already referred, will be struck by the steady onward progress of the Institute of which she was the foundation-stone. The Convents of the Irish Sisters of Charity have not increased with that extreme rapidity which is noticeable in the advance of other modern Congregations, but they have now the goodly number of twenty houses to show since the first beginning was made in 1815 in North William Street, Dublin. Dublin and its immediate neighbourhood have the largest share in the devoted labours of these Sisters. There is the Convent in Upper Gardiner Street—to which place the first house was soon moved, another in Stanhope Street, attending to a Training School and House of Refuge, besides the ordinary work of the visitation of the sick poor; the Convent first established at Sandymount, and afterwards removed to Lakelands, for the sake of an Industrial School which had been started by some Carmelites, who, very naturally, found such a work incompatible with their own vocation, the Magdalene Asylum, at Donnybrook, St. Vincent's Hospital in Stephen's Green, the Convalescent

Home at Linden, the Novitiate at Harold's Cross, the Blind Asylum at Merrion, the Orphanage in Mountjoy Street, as well as the Child's Hospital, in Upper Temple Street. All these establishments testify to the esteem in which the labours of the Sisters of Charity are held in Dublin, and also to the wise system of Mary Aikenhead in preferring works of charity which could be carried on under the eye of the Chief Superior. Cork, her native city, has two foundations of these Sisters, one of which, besides attending to the ordinary work of the Institute, has a Magdalene Asylum under its charge, while the other attends St. Patrick's Hospital, originally founded for cancer patients, but containing also large accommodation for other sufferers. The other Convents of the Congregation are at Waterford, Clonmel, Clarenbridge, Kilkenny, Benada, in the county Sligo, Tramore, Baldoyle, and Ballahaderin. Beyond the shores of Ireland the Sisters have not permanently established themselves, though a small colony tried its fortune some years ago in Preston in Lancashire.

The character of the work to which the religious of the Congregation have devoted themselves is sufficient to show that they have kept steadily in view the intention of the founder, who destined them, more or less, for the same kind of labours as those of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The girls in their Training Schools are often highly educated, but they have not entered on the field of the education of the higher classes of society. Indeed, the Sisters made a special profession of perpetual devotion to the service of the poor, both in the formal title of the Congregation, and in their fourth vow. It may be added, however, that, except in the special consecration to the service of the poor, which may be considered as excluding the work, for instance, of the education of the higher classes, the Irish Sisters of Charity do not depart from the design of the original Institute of the Blessed Virgin, or of the English Virgins, which, in the countries abroad in which it flourishes so wonderfully at the present day, embraces religious work of all kinds, whether for rich or poor. It is indeed very consoling to think that so large a number of communities are at present labouring in Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and, unless we are mistaken, in Roumania, abounding in numbers and resources, and working almost untold good among all classes, all of which communities are commonly known as the "English Virgins," and live under the same rule which is practised in the oldest convent in our

country, the Convent in Micklegate Bar, York. As with the more famous Congregation of the Ursulines, founded by St. Angela Mérici, the houses of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin are not all under one government, nor have they, indeed, all the same "Constitutions." But they are, nevertheless, morally one, and when they are all reckoned together, they make up a large body of women devoted to the service of God and the honour of our Lady in the work of the instruction, in the largest sense of the word, of the female sex. The Irish Sisters of Charity do not express, in the name which their community bears, their filiation from the Institute as established at York, though mention of this rule is made in the petition of the Archbishop of Dublin for leave to erect the new Congregation. Nor, of course, have they any connection save that of mutual charity with the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in other countries than Ireland. But they may certainly be considered as offshoots from the good old stock which was planted by English ladies so long ago as the days of the persecution of Elizabeth and the Stuart kings.

The bright, firm, and genial character of Mary Aikenhead, has been admirably drawn by a writer who has evidently laboured at the work of biography with an unusual amount of that love of her subject which is generally necessary to ensure success. The author of *Mary Aikenhead: her Life, her Work, and her Friends*, is rather more full in details, external to her immediate subject, than is common among such writers. The book does in truth tell us a great deal more than the simple life of Mary Aikenhead. It gives a lively and most interesting picture of Cork and Dublin in the days to which it refers, and very few of the celebrities of the time do not find in it some mention. But the fault is on the right side, and we cannot quarrel with a volume every page of which has its own interest. Mrs. Aikenhead governed her Congregation till her death in 1858, but, by a strange stroke of Providence, she had to do this as a confirmed invalid and almost always on her back, for many years before her end—indeed for the greater portion of the whole time of her superiority. It is curious to think that this was brought about by the unskilfulness of one doctor, and only mitigated by the timely interference of another. As long before her end as the year 1831 this seeming catastrophe occurred. "Over-exertion of body and mind had told on Mrs. Aikenhead's health. For some time it had been visibly

declining ; at length it broke down, and no hope of restoration remained, except in perfect rest and removal into country air. Spinal inflammation, brought on by the too severe strain of late years, was the disease from which she now suffered ; but an affection which might have yielded to judicious treatment became chronic, owing to the unaccountable error of her physician, who misunderstood the case, and by ordering open air exercise at a time when she could hardly walk, and an unsparing use of mercury, hemlock, turpentine, and iodine, caused intense suffering and in the end disabled her for the rest of her existence. In fact, she was treated experimentally for internal cancer, a disease which she had not ; and this proceeding would probably have proved fatal to life, but for the interference of the apothecary, who came to the nuns and said, 'Ladies, you may get any one you like to make up these medicines. I will have nothing to do with them : Reverend Mother is being poisoned.' . . . The doctor was changed, the real cause of her illness discovered, and a different line of treatment entered on. The new doctor was Joseph Michael O'Ferrall, a young man who had already risen to some eminence in his profession. Nothing could exceed his skill and attention, and the Sisters of Charity have always felt that to him, under God, they are indebted for the prolongation of the Reverend Mother's life during the twenty years she survived."

The volume of which we are speaking contains many instances of the epistolary activity which this state of ill-health entailed upon Mrs. Aikenhead, and her letters are certainly among the most valuable of its multifarious contents. Mrs. Aikenhead died, as has been said, in 1858, and had the great satisfaction of leaving behind her in a state of prosperity a work which has every prospect of remaining a permanent source of untold good to the poor of Ireland.

Although hardly more direct than the Sisters of Charity in their spiritual descent from the Congregation of the "English Virgins" of which mention has been made, the Congregation of the Nuns of Loreto retains also the name of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, and may be considered formally as a branch of the same Congregation which has been established for so many years at York. These religious ladies have prospered very much and spread very widely. They have adopted that part of the work of the original Institute which the Sisters of Charity have left untouched, on account of their exclusive

devotion to the poor. The Loreto nuns have been very conspicuous in their labours for the education of young ladies, and these, in Ireland at least, have constituted their chief work. Mention has already been incidentally made of the Foundress, Miss Frances Ball, who entered the novitiate at Micklegate Bar a short time before Mary Aikenhead and her companion were to quit it for Ireland. In her case also we see the guiding hand and wise purpose of Archbishop Murray. Frances Ball was the youngest child of a wealthy Dublin merchant. Both her parents were Catholics, and her connection with the Convent at York began in her tenth year, when she was sent thither to be educated. Some of her sisters had preceded her, for the Convent was then not only, as now, highly esteemed as a place of education, but unfortunately far more singular than it is at present in the advantages which it afforded in that respect.

Frances Ball was a bright, merry, innocent child, and her quick intelligence made up for some little preference for play over work, which may be pardoned in a girl of her character. She was obliged to leave school in her fourteenth year, as the death of her father made her cheerful companionship indispensable to her widowed mother. The next few years of her life were therefore spent in Dublin. At this time she came under the influence of the wise and sagacious friend whose selection of her for his design of founding a teaching order for Ireland moulded the rest of her life. The close union between Archbishop Murray and Frances Ball was never for a moment cooled, and after his death his heart was placed in a silver urn and kept by her at Rathfarnham. In her eighteenth year Frances received a sudden call to the religious life in a ball-room, at one of the first dances to which she had been invited. She used always to say that she had distinctly heard the words in her ears, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added thereto." She remembered, strangely enough, that these same words had been impressed upon her on her first arrival at the Convent in York by one of her eldest sisters who was just leaving the school. The impression was enhanced by the contrast in her mother's fond care for her health in preventing her going to early Mass before breakfast, and her readiness to expose her in her thin evening dress to the night air on occasions of gaiety—and from that day her vocation to religion seems to have been decided.

Dr. Murray determined to test the sincerity of his spiritual

child by the trial of delay. It was not till three years later that he permitted Frances Ball to enter religion. In the meantime, and even before that time, he had been casting about for means to supply his diocese and country with an Institute of religious women who might undertake the education of the higher classes of their own sex. This requirement was at that time almost entirely unsupplied. Here, again, we cannot but admire the sagacity of Archbishop Murray. He might probably have invited some of the foreign teaching orders to come and settle in the neighbourhood of Dublin, but he preferred beginning his work with native materials, prepared, as in the case of Mary Aikenhead, by training in a religious community rich in the traditions of the past. If there was an advantage in this plan in the case of the Sisters of Charity, whose work was to be of the most universal kind, and one as to which national characteristics can have but little play, much more was the same plan advantageous in the case of a teaching order. When Frances Ball came to him with her desire to enter religious life, he found the foundation-stone of another new edifice prepared for him by Divine Providence. He knew the simplicity, the strength, as well as the natural sweetness of her character, and he knew also the innocence of her soul and the suppleness with which she was ready to bend to the influences of grace. He waited, as we have said, three years, and then applied to the Superior at York to receive her as a postulant for that Congregation, on the understanding that she was to proceed after her profession to the foundation of a new house in Ireland. Her mother's consent was not easily obtained. She was a deeply religious woman, but, like so many affectionate mothers, she was strangely blind to her own inconsistency in opposing her daughter's desire to give herself unreservedly to God, at the very time when she herself was endeavouring to send her forth from her home as a well-matched bride. Her faith was aroused and worked upon by a sermon which she chanced to hear, in which the duties of parents to their children in this respect of vocation were very forcibly insisted on. Thus it came about that Frances Ball was free to enter the Convent at Micklegate Bar in June, 1814—before, therefore, Mary Aikenhead and her companions left that holy house, which was to be the nursery of so much good to Ireland and many other countries.

The new novice was at once recognized in the community

as one who was likely to reach great perfection in religion, and her time of probation flew by without any incident to threaten disappointment to the hopes which had been formed concerning her. But it was impossible for her to enter on her work without companions, and, as is so often the case under similar circumstances, her expectations as to these were at first defeated. Two young ladies who were to have joined her died in the novitiate at York. It was not until August, 1822, that she was able to return to Ireland with two companions. At that time, no house had as yet been secured for the beginning of the new enterprize, and Mrs. Ball and her companions spent several months as guests with the Sisters of Charity in Stanhope Street. Their first attempt at school-keeping was in a house at Harold's Cross, but there they could only accommodate a dozen pupils. In the November of 1822, however, they removed to the large and even magnificent house which is now known as Rathfarnham Abbey, and it is from that time that we must date the true beginning of the work of the Loreto Nuns.

That work did not flourish greatly all at once. It seems clear that Mrs. Ball from the first aimed at a very high standard in ladies' education, and all such aims are not well appreciated at the outset by the persons who are most in need of them. Novices came in but slowly, and the few Sisters were consequently dreadfully overworked. After a time, however, perseverance and singleness of purpose were rewarded. The school became famous for the high character of its education, and, after several years began to draw recruits for its own working from the ranks of its own pupils. If the progress was slow at first, it grew both in rapidity and extent as time went on. The first foundation of a new convent took place in 1833, at Navan. In the same year Mrs. Ball opened a day school for young ladies in Harcourt Street, Dublin. In 1840, the present magnificent church of the abbey at Rathfarnham was dedicated by Dr. Murray. We believe that Mrs. Ball was in a great measure her own architect. The church in question is as pure in style and as good in conception as most of the ecclesiastical buildings of that period, and no one who sees it can question its effectiveness and its fitness for its sacred purpose. In the course of the next year, the missionary enterprizes of the Congregation were begun by the despatch of eleven Sisters to Western Bengal. The Indian houses of the Congregation have been very fruitful in their results of good, but at the same time, as was to be expected,

they have demanded constant reinforcements of Sisters, which have always been forthcoming. At this moment, unless we are mistaken, the Loreto Institute in India is represented by some sixty or seventy nuns, who are dispersed in seven houses. A few years after the beginning of the Indian enterprize, the Sisters were invited to the Mauritius and to Gibraltar, and in 1847, they undertook what turned out to be a very arduous mission in Canada. The first house at Toronto had great difficulties to contend with. The first Superior died, after a struggle of more than three years, but a new one was sent to take her place, and brighter days succeeded. At the present time the houses in Canada are numerous and flourishing. Eight fine convents and nearly two hundred nuns represent the Congregation of Loreto in that part of the New World. In Ireland itself the Sisters are to be found at Dalkey, Bray, Balbriggan, Gorey, Fermoy, Letterkenny, Omagh, Youghal, and Killarney. In Dublin itself the day school, originally founded in Harcourt Street, has been transferred with great success to St. Stephen's Green. Everywhere the schools rank as high as any in the country. We are unable to give any account of the system of teaching. In the present day, the education of ladies cannot be allowed to lie under the reproach of frivolity and superficiality which has sometimes not been deserved. Many parents seem to have no higher idea of the education of their girls than that they should be able to read and write, speak a little French, and display an "accomplishment" or two, by murdering a piece of music on the piano, screaming an occasional song, and belying nature and art alike by what are called sketches. We trust that the exertions of the Nuns of Loreto and of other educational Orders may prevent the further prevalence of such evils, but they must give their pupils a taste for reading and a desire for self-improvement, if they are to send out from their convent truly Christian women. We have the satisfaction of hoping that there is a good deal being done in this direction up and down the country. The schools of the Institute of our Blessed Lady abroad are famous for their success in this respect. The system of State examinations which prevails in Germany is in a good many ways rather tyrannical—but it at all events secures a certain amount of efficiency, and puts the ladies engaged in education upon their mettle. Teachers trained under this system are among our best educators in England.

We have noticed the strange providence by which Mrs.

Aikenhead was obliged for so many of the best years of her life to govern her communities, if not from a bed of sickness, at all events from the chamber of a practical cripple. Unlike her sister foundress, Frances Ball enjoyed for a long life almost unbroken good health. We are in one respect the losers by this—for, while the letters of Mrs. Aikenhead are many and copious, the remains of Mrs. Ball's correspondence are but meagre. In fact, she governed in person rather than by letter. She was in her sixty-seventh year, when the accident happened which caused her death after many months of suffering. In October, 1860, her foot slipped in the corridor at Rathfarnham, the floor of which is of stone, and the result of the fall was a compound fracture of the hip bone, and, as it seems, some internal injuries also. She never recovered, and after many months of suffering, sank under her injuries at Dalkey, in May, 1861.

We are speaking in this short paper of the work, rather than of the personal qualities of the two distinguished servants of the Church to whom we owe the Congregations of the Irish Sisters of Mercy and of the Nuns of Loreto—rather, we should say, the Irish branch of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. It is sometimes a discouraging thought that we can, after all, know so little of the interior of those who have accomplished so much for the service of our Lord. But the life of the Church on earth is like a continuous battle, and, when an army is always under fire, there is little time for the cultivation of personal friendships.

H. J. COLERIDGE.

### *A Jesuit Privy-Councillor.*

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AT a time when the publication of hitherto undiscovered documents, and the more careful and impartial consideration of those already known, have led ingenuous minds to reconsider the verdict passed by themselves or their predecessors on the actions and motives of persons against whom a prejudice has been raised, it seems but just to draw attention to one who has thus suffered amongst the rest. Father Edward Petre, a member of the Society of Jesus, held a prominent position in his day; his life becoming more or less public at the time of the accession of James the Second to the throne of England, and continuing on debateable ground during that monarch's short and troubled reign of three years.

James had become acquainted with the previous life and character of Father Petre while he himself was still only Duke of York. As soon as he became King he summoned the good Father to the Court, that he might avail himself of his confidential advice in the measures which he contemplated for furthering the free exercise of the Catholic religion. Wishing to give the Jesuit Father a distinct status and office near his person, he appointed him over the new royal chapel which he had built in St. James's Palace. Not content with this, he made him Clerk of the Closet, in preparation for the further step of calling him to a seat in the Privy Council, although this appointment was kept secret for some time. On November 11, 1687, however, Father Peter was formally gazetted as Privy Councillor in the following terms: "This day the honourable and Reverend Edward Petre, Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty, was sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and accordingly took his place at the Board." Not only was the King most willing that the fact of this appointment should be thus publicly divulged throughout the whole country, but he had previously sought by repeated instances to obtain for the Father either the high dignity in the Church of an Archbishopsric, probably

that of York, or else elevation to the princely rank of Cardinal. His earnest suit was more than once rejected by the Pope, Innocent the Eleventh, and soon afterwards his own troubles thickened round him, and the Revolution of 1688 drove him from his throne. In the general confusion of the time Father Petre escaped to the Continent, and after holding a subsequent appointment in the religious Society to which he belonged, as Rector of the College at St. Omer, he retired from office to Watten, where he died, May 5, 1699, at the age of sixty-eight.

The outlines of Father Petre's public and, if we may so call it, political career, which we have just given, explain at once why his position, and along with it his acts and motives, have been almost universally condemned. The moment that it became generally known amongst the more illiterate and excitable classes of that period that a priest and a Jesuit had obtained a field for his dark and unprincipled scheming within the very Privy Council itself, they must have been almost beside themselves with rage and indignation. Even in our own days writers of history in the melodramatic vein depict the Jesuit Father as a sort of stage villain, ready to lie or stab at any moment. We cannot wonder that in every rank of Protestant society, in private circles, and amongst public men, and more especially down into the very depths of the Anglican Establishment, the news struck first of all amazement at the King's boldness, and then a mingled feeling of distrust and fear, suggestive of angry and determined opposition. The light of scornful suspicion and dislike in which Protestants regarded Father Petre is clearly reflected in the pages of Burnet's *History of His own Times*, who will allow in him no one redeeming quality, either of intellect or character, of act or motive. Even a considerable Catholic party condemned at the time not only the Father's appointment of Privy Councillor, but also his motives in accepting it, and the whole tendency of his influence with the King in his exercise of its duties. The judgment, however, pronounced on Father Petre by his contemporaries is long past and irrevocable, what we have more to do with are the continued censures of modern historians, whether Protestant or Catholic, and these we hope to show cause for greatly modifying.

The Protestant estimate of the Jesuit Father's reasons for accepting office and holding so anomalous a position as his undoubtedly was, we cannot expect greatly to influence. A

non-Catholic will simply see before him the Jesuit and the priest lording it over all his religious brethren and fellow-subjects in the pride of rank and place, and urging on the King unscrupulously to every violent and oppressive measure that might turn to the advantage of his much-hated Church, or still more suspected Order. Such a critic will look round for no other motive than that worldly ambition and aggressiveness which, according to his foregone conclusion, inspires the breast of every ecclesiastic who can manage to rise into power. He is not at all likely, then, to lighten the sentence recently handed on by Miss Strickland, by Ranke, and by Macaulay ; nor will he care to find purer motives for counsels which he deems the most pernicious in themselves that could have been given. With Catholic students of history the case is different, and those who weigh carefully and fairly the documents newly quoted, and the different points brought into juxtaposition by Mr. Foley in his interesting account of Father Petre, presented in the concluding volume of *Records of the English Province, S.J.*, can hardly fail to acknowledge that King James' Privy Councillor has met with but scant justice or mercy. Crétineau-Joly, when writing his *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, has poured forth the vials of his wrath on the devoted head of the poor Father, and apostrophizes him in very unmeasured terms. The whole current of Dr. Lingard's criticisms in his *History of England* is decidedly adverse, no gleam of kindlier interpretation coming in to brighten the cold grey colouring that pervades the picture. And it is unfortunate that the later editions contain only in footnotes a few isolated statements which, if speaking the truth, change completely the opinion we should form of Father Petre's general character, as well as of the particular reasons actuating him to accept an office which he must have felt would mark him out rather for obloquy than honour. We may add that, while a German Catholic author, C. Klopp, in his work on *The Fall of the House of Stuart and the Accession of the House of Hanover*, fails to justify Father Petre any more than Dr. Lingard does, yet the *Dictionnaire Historique* of Feller, and the *Collectanea S.J.*, by Dr. Oliver, place the whole spirit and intention of the Jesuit in a far more favourable light, owing probably to a fuller acquaintance with the private documents of the Society.

Even now we have at the best very imperfect sources whence to draw all that we can learn of the private and public life of the subject of this sketch. These sources are chiefly the Annual

Letters of the Province, a *Life of James the Second*, compiled from the Stuart papers by Dr. Clarke, the *Letters of Barillon*, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and *Burnet's History of His own Times*. In addition are certain isolated documents, yet of great interest and value, such as the *Informatio de P. Edvardo Petre, A.D. 1684*, a Latin letter written by a Father of the Society to a fellow-religious at Friburg, and published in Echard's *History of England*, and, above all, Additional MSS. n. 9,341, extant in the British Museum. From these authorities we gather facts elucidating the three main heads we propose to treat of: (1) Why it was not so unreasonable for James the Second to make choice of Father Petre for his confidential adviser in State measures connected with religion; (2) what was the probable motive which induced Father Petre to accept the office of Privy Councillor; and (3) what was the true character and extent of the influence which the Father seems to have exercised in the general measures of State policy?

In the first place, Father Petre's rank, education, and natural abilities and repute for virtue were not such as in themselves would unfit him for any post of trust. Had he been, as his enemies at the time asserted, and as modern historians have repeated, a half-educated man of no intellectual parts, without any capacity for the guidance and direction of others, a vain and weak-minded character, hurried on by selfish bigotry and enthusiasm, beyond all consideration of ordinary caution and prudence, then the selection made of him by the King was deservedly called an act of blind infatuation utterly unworthy of him. But all that we learn of Father Petre's birth and antecedents from the most reliable sources contradicts these accusations at every point. Protestant historians have never accurately determined in what degree of relationship he stood to the first Lord Petre. One family pedigree, given in the third volume of the *Herald and Genealogist*, makes Father Petre to have been the eldest among seven sons of John Petre of Fidlers or Fithelers, in the county of Essex, and of Elizabeth, daughter of John Pincheon, of Writtle. But this supposition is set aside by the superior authority of another pedigree quoted in Mr. Foley's *Records*, and found in the possession of Lord Petre, bearing the date 1659. According to it Father Edward was the second son of Sir Francis Petre, of Cranham, by his wife Elizabeth, whose father, Sir John Gage, of Hengrave Hall, had

married Penelope, daughter of Lord Rivers. His grandfather was the Hon. Thomas Petre, of Cranham, fourth son of John, first Lord Petre. Father Petre was born in the year 1631, and having completed his course of classical studies at St. Omer's with marked success he entered the novitiate at Watten in 1652, under the assumed name of Spencer, and on February 2, 1671, he took the four solemn vows of religious profession. A little later on he succeeded to the baronetcy upon the death of Sir Francis, his eldest brother, which happened before the year 1679. In the Index Book at Somerset House he is styled in English, "Sir Edward Petre, Baronet;" in the grant itself he is called "Dominus" Edward Petre, of Watten, Flanders, clerk, a bachelor. This Jesuit Father was therefore no mere self-made, adventurous upstart, one of ignoble birth, who without refinement of feeling or mental training, owed his elevation simply to cunning and intrigue. On the contrary, his lineal descent from the founder of the noble family of Petre, and his intimate connection with many families in good position, besides his own title, were perfectly in keeping, from a worldly point of view, with the posts of dignity which he occupied.

With respect to the qualities of his mind and character, it can be proved from the *Informatio de P. Edvardo Petre*, that he was possessed of solid virtue and extensive learning, and that with these he combined great prudence and a singular aptitude for business. It was not till after he had completed his full course of studies with considerable applause that he was sent upon the English Mission, and that mission proved for him a very painful, but very efficient school in which to learn humility, patience, and self-control. He was at first engaged in the laborious and self-denying life of one occupied solely in the fulfilment of obscure and monotonous duties, and without giving entire satisfaction to his superiors he would never have been put in charge of the district of St. Thomas of Canterbury; as also his admission to the rank of Professed Father was a sure guarantee of his being a sound scholar and theologian. He was made to feel the burdens and perils of office by its bringing him under the especial suspicion of the Government, and at the commencement of the persecutions resulting from the Oates' Plot he was apprehended and cast into Newgate Prison. For about a year he endured with great constancy all the filth and wretchedness of one of those dens in which prisoners were then confined, besides being in daily

anticipation of torture and the gallows. During this time, forgetful of his own sufferings, he became as an angel of comfort to those who were imprisoned along with him, and closed the eyes of two who expired in his arms on the 11th of January, 1680. He was, through the intervention of the Duke of York, delivered on bail from close confinement about the same time, and was lodged in another gaol for three years under a sort of free custody or parole of honour. During his detention in Newgate, the Father Provincial, the Procurator of the Province, and the Rector of the College of St. Ignatius had suffered martyrdom for the faith at Tyburn, and Father Petre began to collect together what remained from the shipwreck of the Province, its deeds and documents and books of accounts. Having been appointed, by the Father General, Vice-Provincial, he filled his responsible office during four years of many vicissitudes with unflagging energy, prudence, and charity to all. Knowing these different circumstances, we can hardly be surprised that James the Second should have shown himself anxious to secure the services of a Father, whose life he must already have begun to value before he made such strenuous exertions to save him from a violent death. Thus do both the general character and the ability of Father Petre stand equally vindicated from the aspersions cast upon them.

It must have been while Father Petre was first a missioner and then a superior at Canterbury that the attention of the Duke of York was first drawn to him, and his interest in and esteem for the Father were evidently founded on the high opinion which he had formed of his zeal and his skill in government. This appreciation was not likely to have been lowered by the subsequent proofs which came to the Prince's notice of the genuineness of his charity to his companions in misfortune, and of the ability and energy of his administration during the four years of his Vice-Provincialate in London. There is no evidence whatever for the truth of the accusation that religious fanaticism, displaying itself in superstitious fears and scruples, had completely warped the better judgment and more independent action manifested by James while still Duke of York. He was already advanced in life when he ascended the throne, and he reigned but three years. As little proof can be brought forward of his having weakly lent himself to the schemes and designs of a crafty ecclesiastic, whose only aim and principle were worldly advancement for himself and the forcible and

unscrupulous restoration of Catholicity as the dominant religion of England. The King had at heart the eventual emancipation of the Catholic Church from all restraints and penalties within his own dominions. He desired to obtain entire legal and moral right, both for himself and for his Catholic subjects, to practise their religion in all liberty of conscience. He foresaw how thick an array of obstacles and difficulties lay across the path of such liberation of the Church, and he felt himself in need of the strength and the support which he would draw from the duly authorized counsels and deliberations of an ecclesiastic raised to a position in the State somewhat equivalent to that occupied by the Protestant Bishops, as lords both temporal and spiritual. His eye had but to carry him back along the line of the history of his own country to the days in which Catholic Bishops of sound learning and eminent piety had been the private friends and counsellors of Kings in directing the affairs of the State, and he would there find ample precedent for his decision, that one clerical voice, at all events, should be heard at the council board of a Government of which the head was an acknowledged Catholic, and which would always have to legislate for a distinct Catholic section amongst its subjects. To fill such a post the King deemed he could find no fitter man than one whose worth and fidelity he had known and approved while both had shared in the like obscurity and adversity. Whether, therefore, we consider Father Petre's merits or all the attendant circumstances of James' accession to the throne, we cannot feel ourselves called upon to pronounce either the King's selection of such a counsellor an act of blind infatuation, or his elevation of him to a place at the council board as devoid of all reasonable excuse.

The next question proposed to be solved is the motive which Father Petre probably had before his mind in accepting the post of Privy Councillor. This was certainly not the good policy of the step on the part of the King. We may well grant it to have been natural for him to wish to secure the aid of some such adviser, as well as the external support of his arguments and vote in the deliberations of the Council. But under all the circumstances of the times, and in the particular way in which he wished to carry it out, no step could well have been worse chosen. The whole atmosphere within the political horizon was strongly surcharged with electric fluid, the public mind was deeply agitated by fears, jealousies and the most obstinate

prejudices. Each royal act was watched by minds full of uneasiness and suspicion until it began to be rumoured that the King desired to repress the liberties of the country. Besides which the Catholics themselves were divided into two distinct parties, the one advocating a spirit of extreme moderation, almost of compromise and concession, the other urging on more firm and vigorous measures. Not only, therefore, would the appointment of a Jesuit priest to the rank and influence of Privy Councillor in the State justify the worst suspicions of the King's designs, but it would scandalize and irritate a large section of the Catholic body. Moreover, the manner in which the King designed to give full effect to the step on which he had set his heart greatly aggravated his imprudence. He first added Father Petre as a fresh member to the secret board which he had constituted, at the insincere and treacherous instigation of his Minister, the Earl of Sunderland, for the purpose of privately watching over the interests of Catholics. This elevation was shortly succeeded by his actual nomination to the council board, although James so far yielded to the remonstrances of all the Catholic lords as to suspend its publication and full effect until the 11th of November in the following year. Meanwhile, the King committed himself to fresh imprudences, which showed how obstinately determined he was to carry his point in spite of every objection and warning to the contrary. He petitioned Rome to raise Father Petre to the episcopal dignity as a stepping-stone to his preferment in the State, and when Clement the Eleventh, in full accordance with the Constitutions of the Society, refused to grant this favour, James acknowledged at once the wisdom and necessity of the refusal, and ceased to urge his petition. It was not so when the King bethought him of asking the Pope to confer on Father Petre the still higher dignity of Cardinal, which had been occasionally borne by members of the Society of Jesus. Here, too, he failed after long and earnest importunity, and so the privy councillor entered into office as a simple priest, without mention even of his being on the roll of baronets.

The fact that Father Petre neither refused the place in the Government forced on him, nor made protest against his appointment, combined with the repeated endeavours of James the Second to obtain for him the rank in the Church of a Cardinal, has brought on this Jesuit Father from Catholics and Protestants alike the stigma of being a man of inordinate

vanity and worldly ambition, instead of a retiring and humble-minded religious. Yet there exists testimony, brief indeed and hitherto but cursorily alluded to, which completely exonerates him from this charge. In the *Life of James the Second* compiled from the Stuart Papers it is distinctly stated that Father Petre was, "contrary to his own judgment and the advice of the Queen, appointed councillor by the King at the solicitation of Sunderland." Again we read in the Annual Letters of the English Province from 1685 to 1690, after mention of the public dissatisfaction and irritation excited by his Majesty's predilection for Father Petre, that "the Father bore himself in every respect with singular modesty and integrity, unwillingly submitting to the honours conferred on him. When he observed that the King was openly taunted with placing undue confidence in his counsels, and especially that differences had arisen between the Sovereign Pontiff and the King on his account, he frequently and on his very knees prayed his Majesty to allow him to retire from the Court and from public affairs. He would rather sacrifice himself to the popular fury and the odium of the envious than the affairs of the King should suffer the slightest damage on his account. The King, however, peremptorily refused to dismiss him." The Annual Letters state that the King himself, at a later period in France, "refuted all calumnies uttered against Father Petre, by declaring in the presence of several members of the Society, that had he acted more in compliance with the advice of that Father, affairs would have turned out more favourably for himself." We think more reliance is to be placed on this deliberate acknowledgment subsequently made than on the hasty exculpatory remark of the King, when under strong pressure, that "he was so bewitched by my Lord Sunderland and Father Petre, as to let himself be prevailed upon to doe so indiscreete a thing."

We are in a position, however, to quote language of his Majesty which was expressly designed by him to remove wholly from the Father, even in the estimation of the Supreme Pontiff, this stigma of vanity and worldly ambition. First of all, the terms in which he presses his suit before Innocent the Eleventh exonerate Father Petre's character from the imputation. These royal letters are found amongst the *Additional MSS.* in the British Museum. The first, which is dated June 16, 1687, petitions most urgently for elevation to a bishopric in these words: "We are the more readily interested ourselves in his

favour (to omit his great abilities and known deserts), because we are strongly convinced of the zeal with which he hath applied himself to the Catholic interest and to our own ; and because in a more exalted position he would be of greater service to posterity. This has been alleged in our mandates to our Ambassador. We hope your Holiness, from your paternal affection to us and our kingdom, on mature consideration will favour this our most equitable request." On the Pope's refusal, which James appears to have anticipated, the latter, in a fresh letter of September 24, 1687, transferred his request at once to that of the Cardinalate, and he urges the very same arguments as before, adducing again, and evidently with the utmost conviction and confidence, Father Petre's eminent services to the Catholic cause and his great virtues and deserts. After a second unfavourable reply from the Holy Father, the King returns yet once more to the charge in a third letter. On this occasion, however, he argues not only from his own wish in the matter, taking the whole blame of the importunity entirely on himself, and showing his obstinate determination to gain his point if possible, but he also sends to the Pope the most positive and earnest assurances of the perfect absence from Father Petre's mind of any ambitious motive, denying at the same time that the Father had made any solicitation to him on the point as stated. His words are as follows : "We judged it for our own honour and reputation's sake, and in justice to him, to make this attestation, that solely of our own accord, and led thereunto by the most weighty reasons, we have renewed our petitions to your Holiness. . . . Nor in truth have we so much an eye to the said Father in this affair as to the Church itself, being convinced that his promotion will be of infinite service to the advancing and propagating the same." The King evidently spoke from his knowledge of his own motives and from his opportunity of daily observing the life and character of Father Petre. This opportunity ought to give full effect to the terms in which he describes him, as one "by no means caught by the prospects of the sacred purple, nor is there any one whose soul has so utter an aversion to any kind of canvassing for honours." A like assurance does James convey to the Father General of the Society of Jesus in quite as strong expressions. Although Sunderland's actions and arguments can be of little weight in an impolitic measure which had no doubt obtained his treacherous advocacy, yet, if known facts or even public suspicions had

been against its truth, he would scarcely have ventured on the repeated asseveration to Innocent the Eleventh that the accusation of Father Petre's being in any way an instigator of the King's suit was "utterly false, and defamatory to the known innocence and virtue of the said Father." Nay, Sunderland ventures to add that the King had not merely told the Pope himself that his instances were purely his own, but "had also several times declared the like to his Privy Council." He concludes his memorial by this detailed vindication: "The reputation of the said Father suffers also very much (from the suspicion of personal ambition), not only because his humility and piety are conspicuous to all who know him; but it is most certain that, ever since he perceived misunderstandings likely to arise on his account between your Holiness and his Majesty, he has still earnestly pressed to retire, which causes no small disquiet to his Majesty, he having several times expressed that should he by any accident lose the said Father, he knew not where to find another so diligent, faithful, and well versed in the affairs he confides to him."

The defence of Father Petre's character as a religious would, we believe, have been rendered still more complete at all points, could we have given extracts from the original letters which Father Petre wrote from the Court of James the Second to his brethren at St. Omer's. But these, after having been carefully preserved until the Suppression of the Society, most unfortunately perished in the general plunder of the property of the English College at Bruges. The statements however and documents which have been given amply disprove the truth of the unworthy imputations cast upon this Father's character, and so readily and continuously accepted for true, chiefly because his elevation to the Privy Council and the petition that a Cardinal's hat should be bestowed on him were historical facts, and because Protestant malevolence took for granted, and many Catholics felt themselves justified in suspecting, that these facts were owing to the personal ambition of Father Petre.

Still the question remains to be answered, Why did the Father consent, and why did his Superiors allow him to accept the office of Privy Councillor at all, however urgently it may have been pressed upon him? With respect to the offer of a Cardinal's hat, acceptance was a point never definitely presented to his mind. Yet not only is it clear that he himself stirred neither hand nor foot towards obtaining it, but we have in the

King's letter, which defended the Father's character with the General in Rome and begged for the favourable consideration of his suit, a very significant indication that the Society was opposed to the elevation of its subject, memorializing the Pope's confessor on the point, and that the false reports alluded to made it feel uneasy as to his real attitude and state of mind. In so far yielding to the King's will as to accept a place in the Privy Council, though the step was opposed to his own wish and judgment, Father Petre allowed himself to be over-persuaded by the determined obstinacy of James the Second, which, as we have seen, could take no refusal, and by the artful representations of the Minister, Sunderland. The former of these showed a disposition difficult to deal with or to guide. He was brave and self-reliant, yet at the same time impulsive and imprudent. He shifted and hesitated when he ought to have calmly maintained his ground, and then, inconsistently with his general character, he held obstinately to his point when he ought to have yielded to the advice of others. Besides these faults, he had the unfortunate knack of doing everything in the surest way to irritate and alarm those who suspected either his designs or his motives. Such a man could not fail to bring his best advisers into obloquy by following their counsels only when they seemed to encourage harsh and aggressive measures. Repeatedly, as we are told, did Father Petre pray to be allowed to retire into private life, and was each time refused permission to do so, and then there was nothing left for him but to go on. After the flight of the King and the escape of Father Petre out of England, his conduct failed to receive any censure from Superiors; on the contrary, he was appointed Rector of St. Omer's College, and this institution soon felt the renovating influence of his skilful administration. "His experience of men and manners," as Dr. Oliver remarks, "his affability, and the great attention which he paid to the cleanliness and health of the community rendered him a general favourite." We may well believe that the exigence of the times stretched the interpretation of the Constitutions to their utmost possible limits, yet there is no evidence that Father Petre was an undutiful son of the Society of Jesus, or acted in opposition to the authorities to whom he owed obedience. It was one argument, though by itself insufficient, that James the Second was in no ordinary degree attached to the Society, and had placed it under great obligations to himself.

But in aid of this argument came a sense of the deep spiritual issues at stake in those objects which the King had so intensely at heart, the restoration of the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion. Moreover, the Society manifested its entire confidence in the virtue and humility of the Father and in the good testimony borne to him by the King. It believed in the sincerity of his remonstrances against preferment; and in the perfect singleness of heart and purpose by which he sought only the benefit of religion. Nor could it fail to perceive that the Father's position was under each one of its circumstances justified instead of censured by those friendly terms in which Innocent the Eleventh, though not over partial to the Society, spoke to him as his "Beloved son, Father Edward Petre, S.J." of whose virtues and merits he had a high opinion, and this after his appointment to be Privy Councillor. At the same time that the good Father was fully supported by the authority of his Superiors in his public acts, he was very anxious to relieve them of responsibility in as far as he could be allowed. Thus, after the manner somewhat of members appointed to a bishopric in foreign missions, or raised to the Cardinal dignity at home, he adopted a certain distinctness of action, and modified to some extent his use of the religious habit, for we are told that he appeared at the Board in the dress of a secular priest.

As we can hardly be called upon, when vindicating the general character of this Jesuit Father from the charge of pride and ambition, to justify the soundness of his policy in each detail wherein he exercised the influence which his office gave him, our concluding remarks under the third head proposed may be few and brief. Yet the general character of Father Petre and the whole value and motive of his influence with the King, would be seriously damaged could it be shown that, to serve his own ends and those of his Order, he made use of the religious fanaticism and excitable temperament of James to persuade him into unjust and arbitrary measures. Far more than he was the evil genius of the King, was the Earl of Sunderland the evil genius of both. Father Petre and his royal master shared in the same unhappy reliance on the fidelity and sincerity of this crafty minister, and never was confidence more shamefully betrayed. His supposed conversion to the faith, and his pretended zeal for the cause of the Catholic Church were sufficient cloaks to blind the Father's eyes to his treacherous

design of making the throne too hot for its present occupant. Ability, sincerity, and watchfulness have all at times been duped by the unscrupulous cunning or audacity of a practical schemer ; and Sunderland contrived to bring his Jesuit colleague under the full and sole odium of the oppressive acts that originated with himself. No purely political measures, disconnected with religious consequences, can be laid at Father Petre's door ; nor, especially after the King's confession at St. Germain's, can it ever be determined in what points James followed that Father's counsel, or in what he rejected it. Most assuredly Father Petre's support of the two great schemes of the removal of religious tests as qualifications for office, and of the abolition of penal and sanguinary inflictions enacted for the purpose of extinguishing every form of religious service except that of the Established Church, cannot be fixed as any stigma on his character. No firmness or promptitude in seizing upon a fitting opportunity for carrying out their execution exceeds the measure of a noble forbearance when viewed in the light of a requital for the streams of loyal Jesuit blood poured forth in order to enforce a new religion on the country. We have no proof that the Jesuit Father aimed at restoring the Catholic religion to its ancient ascendancy as the religion of the State, in the changed circumstances and condition of public feeling that he saw around him. Two instances of his advice to the King bear quite in the opposite direction. When James had decided on leaving Westminster, he earnestly conjured the King not to desert his post ; not, as has been suggested, because he desired first to secure his own escape, but because the Prince of Orange had expressly declared in his Proclamations that he had no design of dethroning his father-in-law, but only of protecting the Established Church of England. The second instance occurred in connection with one of the most disastrous of all the King's decisions, the trial and imprisonment of seven Protestant bishops, for refusing to bid the clergy read to their flocks a declaration of liberty of conscience, which they judged directly aimed against themselves and against the established religion. Contrary to the report, spread at the time and believed by Burnet, that Father Petre had exultingly urged on the King to punish the prelates, he really joined Lord Sunderland in dissuading his Majesty from the prosecution afterwards ordered. Again, when the warrant for this was issued, it was signed by the whole Board with the exception of Father Petre, who at

his own petition was excused by his Majesty from putting his name to a decision which he disapproved of. It remains but to say that we have endeavoured to state fairly the case as it appears against Father Petre, and then, from a consideration of the whole bearing of the facts presented to the reader in respect both of the King and his Counsellor, to draw honestly and justly the conclusion of exculpation at which we have arrived.

JOHN G. MACLEOD.

## *Gleanings among Old Records.*

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### X.—THE SPANISH MATCH.—PART THE FIRST.

IN estimating the causes which contributed to bring about the great Civil War under Charles the First, its true value must be assigned to the incident which is generally known as "The Spanish Match." Viewed in itself it appears as nothing more than an insignificant episode, possessing no special significance in our history; but viewed in its results it assumes larger proportions, and demands a more than ordinarily careful consideration. Although in the end this matrimonial scheme proved a failure, although Prince Charles is said to have returned to England from Madrid more steadfast than ever in his Protestant convictions, more than ever alienated from the Holy See and everything connected with it,<sup>1</sup> yet to this source may be traced, if not the origin, at least the general acceptance of the popular war-cry, "No peace with Rome." As the nation looked at it in half-incredulous wonder, that wonder passed into anger, and anger found its usual expression in rebellion. King James, with whom the project originated, contrived thereby not only to alienate from himself the affections of his people, but, further, to awaken a spirit of hostility against all who were connected with it, an inheritance which from himself he bequeathed to his successor on the throne.

Regarded from this point of view the Spanish Match acquires an importance to which, as I have said, in itself, it is not entitled. A few observations upon its history may not, therefore, be without

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bruno Ryves, writing to Archbishop Ussher, on October 8, 1623, tells him that Prince Charles arrived in London on the 6th, and paid a visit the same morning at eight o'clock, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ryves (who at that time was staying in the Palace) continues thus: "No man doubts but that the Prince went a good Protestant out of England, but it is as certain that he returned out of Spain tenfold more confirmed in ours, more obdurate against their religion, than ever he was before." Not only the Prince, but Buckingham, and the rest of their company, "all return," says the same authority, "more resolved Protestants than ever, being thoroughly persuaded, *Ex evidentiâ facti*, that Popery is idolatry" (See *Works of Archbishop Ussher*, Elrington's Edition, xv. 401).

their value, and I venture to offer them the more willingly as I am enabled to add certain novel details, which supplement the accounts upon which we have hitherto relied in forming our estimate of the entire scheme, and more especially in regard to the conduct of the Prince while he was resident at the Court of Spain.<sup>2</sup>

When James the First adopted the motto, *Beati Pacifici*, he meant it to foreshadow his future dealings as well with his own subjects as with foreign nations. At home Catholics and Puritans had for long clamoured for toleration, and the King seemed willing to grant it to both. Before his accession to the English throne he had taken pains to cultivate a kindly feeling with his Catholic subjects, and he had openly and frequently declared that he would gladly take the earliest opportunity of mitigating their sufferings. Believing him to be sincere, the Pope enjoined those of his clergy who ministered in England to refrain from any action which might be construed into an attempt to meddle with affairs of State, and thereby prevent the promised concessions. At one time, indeed, there seemed reason to believe that some equitable arrangement might be made by which a *modus vivendi* would be established. The Protestant ceased for a time to regard his Catholic neighbour as of necessity a rebel and a traitor. Some years after the so-called Gunpowder Plot, and at the end of James's reign, a "Justice in the Court of Chief Place" could bring himself to write thus of his Catholic countrymen: "Concerning points of civil justice and external peace, and generally in all matters temporal, as they are called, the pretended Catholics of this your Majesty's kingdom do already of themselves willingly profess and yield a very good conformity, without any opposition or contradiction."<sup>3</sup> And to the same end we may cite the testimony of our great antagonist, Archbishop Ussher, in which he vouches for the loyalty of our ancestors in the faith, even at the time when he assures us they were solicited to a defection by the Papal authority itself. "Yet," says this oracle of the Established Church, "of their fidelity in this kind I am so well persuaded that I do assure myself that neither the names

<sup>2</sup> In common with all who are interested in this period of our history I gladly offer the expression of my thanks for the assistance which I have derived from the labours of Mr. S. R. Gardener in his *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, 1869.

<sup>3</sup> *A Friendly Advertisement to the Pretended Catholics of Ireland.* By Sir Christopher Sibthorpe, Knight, one of H.M. Justices of his Court of Chief Place in Ireland. Dedication, p. 2. Dublin, 1622, 4to.

of any schoolmen, how great soever, nor of the Pope himself, upon whose sentence they wholly ground their resolution, either then was, or hereafter will be, of any such force as to remove them one whit from the allegiance and duty which they do owe unto their King and country.”<sup>4</sup>

In his intercourse with the Continental Powers of Europe James pursued the same policy of conciliation. The only nation which might reasonably be supposed as capable of exciting his jealousy was Spain; but towards Spain he felt none of that unreasoning hostility which had been so conspicuous throughout the whole reign of his formidable predecessor. Immediately after his accession to the English throne he had concluded a treaty with France, which freed him from all anxiety in that direction. With Denmark and the other States of Northern Europe his relations were of the most amicable character. He had nothing to apprehend from abroad. His flatterers told him that he was about to inaugurate a period during which a universal peace should reign among the nations of the earth. He believed them, and he invited his subjects to rejoice with him, every man beneath the shadow of his own vine and his own fig-tree. Let them but trust in him, and Spain and England should become as one people.

If the Catholics were so credulous as to believe that the golden age of toleration and religious equality had at last arrived, their hopes were rudely and speedily disappointed. Even if James were in earnest when he made these lavish promises, he had not the power to carry them into execution. The bare attempt would have engaged him in a struggle with the bigotry of a bigoted populace, to the uncertain issue of which he was unwilling to trust himself, because he was conscious that herein he might be beaten. He yielded to the popular clamour, and satisfying his conscience with the assurance that he had done all that his Catholic subjects could reasonably expect of him, he issued a proclamation, by which he strictly commanded all priests to depart the realm within less than a month, upon pain of having the laws executed against them without the least favour or mercy.<sup>5</sup> In September, 1604, twenty-one priests and three laymen were taken out of various prisons and put on board a ship to be transported into perpetual ban-

<sup>4</sup> *On the Religion professed by the Ancient Irish*, p. 99, ed. 1622.

<sup>5</sup> Feb. 22, 1605. See also Camden's *Annals of James the First*, under this date and June 10, 1606.

ishment. Two years later no less than forty-seven priests were subjected to the same treatment.<sup>6</sup> Nor did the severities exercised against Catholics end here, for all the sanguinary laws enacted by Queen Elizabeth were from time to time put into execution by this King. He "revived the barbarous usage and tyranny that the rackmasters and tormentors, the inferior officers and examiners, had used in the causes of Catholics for many years, observing no order of justice nor form of law, neither in examining nor tormenting."<sup>7</sup> Bishop Challoner chronicles the names of twenty-five priests and laymen who suffered death during the twenty-two years of the reign of James the First. He professed great sorrow for the severities inflicted upon his subjects; but he took no steps to relieve them. In this condition affairs remained for many years, and in this condition they would have remained until the end of the reign, but for the occurrence of an event which compelled James to assume a more definite line of action than any to which he had hitherto committed himself.

In the year 1613, the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James and Anne of Denmark, became the wife of Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine. In 1619, upon the death of the Emperor Mathias, his subjects, the Bohemians, acting upon the advice of certain emissaries from Geneva, determined to reject the authority of his successor, who was a Catholic. Anxious to procure peace in his dominions, Ferdinand offered to confirm to the insurgents in Bohemia all their privileges, together with a declaration which secured to them liberty of conscience. They rejected his offers with contempt, and chose as their future Sovereign the son-in-law of King James. It was said that in so doing the Palatine acted chiefly under the influence of his wife, the Princess Elizabeth.<sup>8</sup> Be that as it may, Frederic hastened to Prague, and having been there invested with the crown of Bohemia, soon found himself engaged in a dangerous warfare with the Catholic Powers of Europe.

The intelligence of Frederic's success, such as it was, was received with wild joy by the inhabitants of London. James was urged on all sides to assist his son-in-law not only to maintain his position, but to employ it as the means of inflicting

<sup>6</sup> See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, ii. 2, 3.

<sup>7</sup> *An Apology of T. F. in defence of himself and other Catholics*, p. 4. 1602-4.

<sup>8</sup> Rohrbacher, *Hist. de l'Eglise*, xxv. 560, following the Protestant historian Menzel.

Camden's *Annals of James the First*, under the dates of March 10 and June 11, 1620.

still further injury upon the obnoxious Papists. Troops were raised for the Elector in the City of London, and the Earls of Oxford and Essex openly paraded the streets and invited recruits to join the Protestant King of Bohemia. Large sums of money were collected in England and Scotland, and were forwarded to Frederic in aid of the cause of true religion.

It happened that while the nation was in this state of excitement, Count Gondomar, the Ambassador from Spain, landed at Dover and took up his abode at Ely House in London. In the belief that he was resident in a country which prided itself upon its freedom of thought, speech, and action, Gondomar ventured to express his satisfaction at the defeat which had befallen the troops of the new King of Bohemia, of which the intelligence had just reached London.<sup>9</sup> The citizens resented the insult, and the Ambassador's house, his property, his servants, and his person were all in danger. So fervent was the zeal of the populace that it became necessary that a guard of three hundred men should be appointed to ensure the safety of the indiscreet Spaniard.<sup>10</sup> In the same spirit, a Catholic barrister named Flud, whose offence consisted in having expressed his joy "that goodman Palsgrave and goodwife Palsgrave" had been driven out of Prague,—was condemned by Parliament to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, to stand thrice in the pillory for two hours upon each occasion, to be carried through London with his face to the horse's tail, to be branded on the forehead, and committed to perpetual imprisonment.<sup>11</sup>

The zeal which had passed from the apprentices and the shopkeepers of the City to the Houses of Parliament was not there permitted to slumber. The members of that powerful

<sup>9</sup> Ussher thus pours out his sorrows and his anticipations to a friend on this occasion: "You hear, I doubt not, ere this of the lamentable news out of Bohemia: how it pleased God on 29th of October last to give victory to the Emperor's army against the King of Bohemia. His whole army was routed, three thousand slain on the ground; others taken prisoners, who have yielded, to save their lives, to serve against him. . . . How these of the religion in Bohemia are like to be dealt with you may imagine, and what other evil effects will follow God knoweth. The Spaniard hath put down five Protestant churches, and erected idolatry in their places" (*Ussher's Works*, xv. 151).

<sup>10</sup> Camden's *Annals*, under Dec. 4, 1620.

<sup>11</sup> *Id.* May 15, 1621. A few weeks previously a strange scene had been enacted at the chapel belonging to the Earl of Bridgewater, situated in the Barbican. It was discovered that this building had been defiled by the Mass having been offered in it; hereupon it was re-consecrated and fitted for the worship of God. This was done by the authority of the Bishop of Llandaff. The Bishop of London officiated upon the occasion, the Dean of Westminster preached, and the choristers attended. Our authority for this statement is Camden.

body the House of Commons were scandalized at the supine indifference with which their Sovereign regarded the affairs of the Palatinate, and they asked each other whence could proceed such a falling off from the principles of the Reformation. Their late Queen, Elizabeth of glorious memory, had shown no such weak hesitation when the opportunity was afforded her of embroiling the Governments of France and Scotland. The terrible truth soon revealed itself: James had had dealings with the Woman of Babylon, and even now was about to drink deeper from the golden cup of her abominations. At that very moment he was trafficking for a marriage between his son and a Spanish Princess; and but for the interference of the Commons the future Queen of England would be a Papist, and consequently an idolater. Measures, at once prompt and sharp, must be taken to avert a calamity from themselves, from their posterity, and from England.

It was indeed true, that for some time previously James had been anxious to form a matrimonial alliance with Spain, of the advantages of which he was fully sensible. In order to forward its completion he had declared himself willing to grant certain important favours to his persecuted Catholic subjects. He pledged himself that no priest, or Catholic layman, should from henceforth be condemned or proceeded against upon any capital prosecution; that he would mitigate as far as possible all fines which he might be compelled to inflict; and that his future daughter-in-law, the wife of Charles, would find him ready to grant all favours towards those of her own religion which she might request of him.<sup>12</sup> In regard to the marriage he had made concessions yet more remarkable; among others, that the dispensation of the Pope should be procured; that the family which the Infanta was to bring with her into England, the nurses included, should be Catholics; that there should be a chapel in which she and her family might enjoy the public exercise of their religion from the time of her first arrival; and that she should have a competent number of chaplains and a confessor, who should publicly preach, officiate and dispense the sacraments in the royal household without let or hindrance.<sup>13</sup>

Great was the indignation of the Commons when they

<sup>12</sup> Prynne's *Hidden works of darkness brought to light*, p. 8 (April 27, 1620), Lond. 1645, fol.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.* p. 3 (April 4, 1617).

became aware of the full extent of the dealings which were in progress with Spain, and through Spain with Rome. Early in December, 1621, while this sentiment was at its height, they drew up a letter to the King, in which they reminded him that Popish recusants had been too much encouraged, and had dangerously increased in number and insolence throughout the kingdom. They urged his Majesty to go to war vigorously in defence of the Palatinate ; to take care that the Prince be married to one of his own religion ; to order an expedition to be fitted out against Spain ; to provide that henceforth the children of Popish recusants be brought up during their minority with Protestant schoolmasters ; and finally, that the laws already made, or hereafter to be made, for the preventing of dangers by Papists, be put into force.<sup>14</sup>

Before this letter was finished and agreed upon in the Commons, the King became aware of what was in preparation, and he hastened to strike the first blow. He wrote to the Speaker of the House forbidding the members of that body to presume to meddle in any mysteries of State ; and namely, not to speak of his dearest son's match with the daughter of Spain. In further reply to their remonstrance he condescended to explain that he knew not of any fitting marriage for his son among the Protestant Princes ; that he was so far engaged in the match that he could not go back with honour ; that the manner and form of repressing Popery must be left to his own discretion ; that he must not irritate foreign Catholic powers by persecuting recusants at home, "and teach them the way to plague the Protestants in their own dominions."<sup>15</sup>

On December 19th, the Commons replied by a paper of remarkable power and dignity in which they at once maintained the position they had taken and vindicated their parliamentary rights and privileges. They reminded the King that the liberties and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England ; that such arduous and urgent affairs as concern the King, the State, and the defence of the realm and the Church of England, the making and maintenance of laws and the redress of grievances, are proper subjects of counsel and debate in Parliament. "In

<sup>14</sup> R.O. *Dom. James I.* vol. cxxiv. n. 8, Prynne, pp. 10, 11. This letter was recalled before presentation upon receipt of the King's letter of December 3rd.

<sup>15</sup> R.O. *Dom. James I.* cxxiv. 8, Prynne, p. 12. This paper is not printed in the Commons' Journals.

the handling of these businesses," continue they, "every member hath, and ought to have, freedom of speech. The Commons in Parliament have like liberty to treat of these matters in such order as they think proper, . . . and if any be complained of for anything said or done in Parliament, the same is to be showed to the King by assent of the Commons before the King give credence to any private information."<sup>16</sup>

Having thus vindicated its dignity, the Commons broke up in order to enjoy the usual Christmas vacation; but they did not meet again so soon as they had expected. Irritated by their opposition, the King ventured upon a hazardous expedient, by which he hoped to free himself from the further interference of his unmanageable Commons. On January 6, 1622, he dissolved Parliament by proclamation, "to their great distaste," and then gave himself with increased energy to carry out his arrangements for "the Spanish Match." He began by proving to the English Catholics that the iron rule under which they had been living had passed away, and was about to be succeeded by the easy sway of a Prince in whom were united clemency and justice. He tells the Chancellor that, in consequence of the intended marriage, he thinks it fitting that such of his subjects as are of the Catholic religion should be entreated and used with all mildness. He had resolved, he says, to mitigate the severity of those laws which inflict on them any penalty in respect of their religion. He further intended to grant pardons and dispensations to such of his subjects and Romish Catholics as within the space of five years shall apply for the same.<sup>17</sup>

In accordance (as it would seem) with these promises, Popish recusants, to the number (it is said) of four thousand, were liberated from prison. The judges were directed to "make no niceness or difficulty" to extend the royal favour to all such Papists as are in prison for any church recusancy whatsoever; or for refusing the oath of supremacy; or for dispersing Popish books; or for hearing or saying of Mass; or any other point of recusancy.<sup>18</sup> In the following month (Sept. 30, 1622) he addressed a letter to Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, whose suspicions he hoped to disarm and whose good offices he endeavoured to secure upon the plea that both of them believed in the adorable Trinity and redemption through Christ.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>16</sup> R.O. *Dom.* cxxiv. 18, Prynne, p. 13. <sup>17</sup> *MS. Bodl.* Tanner, 73, fol. 368.

<sup>18</sup> R.O. *Dom.* cxxxii. n. 84, Aug. 2, 1622. <sup>19</sup> R.O. *Dom.* cxxxiii. 31.

The preliminaries thus arranged to his satisfaction, James proceeded to negotiate directly with Spain. His chief agent herein was Secretary Calvert, who, according to Bishop Goodman, was the only Secretary who was ever employed in the matter. From the same authority we learn certain other details which must have had their influence upon subsequent arrangements and concessions. Calvert was "infinitely addicted to the Roman Catholic faith, having been converted thereto by Count Gondomar and Count Arundel. The Secretary did usually catechize his own children to ground them in his own religion; and in his best room having an altar set up, with chalice, candlesticks, and all other ornaments, he brought all strangers thither, never concealing anything, as if his whole joy and comfort had been to make open profession of his religion."<sup>19</sup>

James was at first most liberal in his promises as to the benefits which, according to him, Catholics were to derive from the marriage, and he was ready to meet every demand which might be made upon his liberality with an easy affirmative. He furnished Charles with a document in which he promised that whatsoever he, his dearest son, shall promise in Spain in his, the King's name, he, James, would punctually and faithfully perform.<sup>20</sup> Addressing the King of Spain he uses these terms, which of course are to be understood in a diplomatic sense, "I have sent you my son, a Prince sworn King of Scotland. You may do with his person what you please; the like with myself and my kingdom. They are all at your service."<sup>21</sup> Writing to the Papal Nuncio Prince Charles is perhaps a little more reserved. "His Holiness," he remarks, "will see what I shall do hereafter, and I think my father will do the like: so that His Holiness shall not repent him of what he hath done."<sup>22</sup>

Satisfied with the success of these arrangements, James now busied himself in preparing for his son's departure for Spain. Thrifty as he was in general, he grudged no expense for "his sweet baby," as he called the Prince. Steeny (his pet name for Buckingham), and the other officers of Charles's household were provided with plate, jewels, and dresses, with all indeed that they

<sup>19</sup> Goodman's *Memoirs*, p. 376.

<sup>20</sup> The original letter in the King's holograph is preserved in the Tanner MS. 73, fol. 317.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.* fol. 340.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* The extracts given from this and the previous letter are taken from English translations sent from Spain.

could be supposed to require, in a style of the most profuse liberality. Passing over the details of this extravagant display of finery, our attention is arrested by a subject of greater importance. Charles was about to reside in the Court of his most Catholic Majesty in order that he might become a suitor for the hand of a Spanish Princess. When at Madrid what religion should he profess? What was to be his creed? How should he comport himself towards the Holy See? What form of ritual should he adopt in his chapel? All these were questions in which the devout Spaniard was sure to be deeply interested. Hitherto the average Englishman was known in Spain as the lawless contrabandist while on shore, or as the successful buccaneer when afloat:<sup>23</sup> the man as to his domestic life of a lax morality, and as to his faith no better than a Jew or a Turk. The question now assumed a definite form, and it must be answered one way or another: Was Prince Charles to appear at Madrid as a Catholic or as a Protestant?

King James attempted to solve the difficulty by a compromise. It was impossible that his son should profess himself to be a Papist, such a step would cost him his kingdom. To present himself at Madrid as a Calvinist of the type either of Geneva or Lambeth was to raise a serious obstacle in the way of the marriage. But James imagined that he might throw something of a Catholic aspect, at least externally, over the English State Ritual, sufficient to induce the Spanish Court to believe that it still retained its primitive outline. It was a wild attempt, and he himself distrusted its success: but it was the only course which remained to him, and it was better than nothing. The wiser among his own subjects knew that the device would be detected and scorned by the Spanish Catholics; but he resolved<sup>24</sup> to make the attempt, and he drew up the following Instructions for the guidance of the Divines by whom the embassy was to be attended.

*His Majesty's own directions and commands given at Newmarket, March 10, 1622[3] to the Prince's two chaplains concerning their service.*

1. That there be one convenient room appointed for prayer; the said room to be employed during your abode to no other service.
2. That it be decently adorned chapelwise with an altar, with fronts, palls, linen coverings, demi-carpet, surplices, candle-

<sup>23</sup> "Piracy," says Mr. Froude, "was a common English failing," ix. 509.

sticks, tapers, chalices, patens, a fine towel for the Prince, other towels for the household, a traverse for the Communion, a basin and flagon, and two copes.

3. That prayers be duly kept twice a day. That all reverence be used, by every one present being uncovered, kneeling at due times, standing up at the Creed and Gospel, and bowing at the Name of Jesus.

4. That the Communion be celebrated in due form, with an oblation of every communicant and admixing water with the wine;<sup>24</sup> the Communion being as often used as it shall please the Prince to set down. Smooth wafers to be used for the bread.

5. That the sermons be not political preaching, to inveigh against them, or to confute them, but only to confirm the doctrine and the tenets of the Church of England by all positive arguments, either in fundamental points or moral; and especially to apply ourselves to moral lessons to preach Jesus Christ crucified.

6. That we give no occasions, or rashly entertain any conference or dispute, for fear of dishonour to the Prince, if upon any offence taken he should be required to send away one. But if the Lord Ambassador or Mr. Secretary wish us to hear any that desire information, then we may safely do it.

7. That we carry the Articles of our religion in many copies, the Books of Common Prayers in several languages, store of English Service Books; and the King's own works in English and Latin.<sup>25</sup>

Armed with these Instructions the party left England on their romantic adventure. Few at home wished it a successful issue; and the nation at large looked on with indignation which it did not care to conceal. The principles of the Reformation were at stake, and Spanish tyranny and Roman idolatry were once more to be naturalized in free and Protestant England. But the further progress of the mission must be reserved for a subsequent number.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

<sup>24</sup> This admixture was regarded as of great importance, and is referred to in a letter from Chamberlain to Carlton, R.O. *Dom. cxlii. 38* (April 5, 1623). It was reported that the service was to be in Latin, and the Communion celebrated with wafer cakes. But, adds Chamberlain, it will be to no purpose, as the Spaniards will not come near.

<sup>25</sup> MS. Tanner, 73, fol. 284.

## *A Christian Poet of the German School.*

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*Dreizehnlinden*<sup>1</sup> is the title of a work which we must regard as an important addition to the poetical literature of Germany. It has introduced a new name into the list of German poets, made famous one who a few months ago was unknown to the literary world. By a single effort the author has reached a foremost position among the poets of his country. He has won for himself a reward which, in the case of most other men, comes after many efforts, often after many failures. His work has rapidly passed through three editions, and has received the enthusiastic approval of those skilled critics who in matters of this kind are deputed to pronounce the verdict of public opinion. For ourselves, we can but rejoice at this success, not merely because we are pleased to see unequivocal merit meet with the reward it deserves, but much more for the reason that we recognize in this success a homage to the genius of Christian poetry which we had thought it out of the ways of our age to pay. The author of *Dreizehnlinden* is eminently a Christian poet. A Westphalian by birth, he is passionately attached to the traditions of his country, and boasts proudly that in Westphalia the modes of thought and action of those sturdy Saxons, who fought in turn Roman and Frank, live on as they live not elsewhere.

Rügt es nicht, wenn ich den Helden  
In der Heimat Farben male  
Dünkt er manchmal euch ein Träumer  
Nun, er war ja ein Westfale.

Zäh' doch bildsam, herb, doch ehrlich.  
Ganz wie ihr und Euresgleichen,  
Ganz vom Eisen eurer Berge,  
Ganz vom Holze eurer Eichen.

Heut noch ist bei euch wie nirgend  
Väterbrauch und Art zu finden  
Darum sei es euch gesungen  
Dies es Lied von Dreizehnlinden.

<sup>1</sup> *Dreizehnlinden*. Von F. N. Weber. Dritte Auflage. Paderborn : Ferdinand Schöningh, 1879.

In the measure in which he is attached to the past of his country, he is necessarily attached to his country's ancient faith. From the doctrines and traditions of that faith he has drawn his best inspirations. Nor is it a small testimony to the force of his genius that in the new German Empire, which so vigorously assails the faith of the old, a poem such as his should have evoked such general approval. Perhaps we might also add that this circumstance is but one proof more how rich in true poetic inspiration is that majestic religion before which even the most reluctant age is forced to bow.

For many reasons, for those reasons we have alleged most of all, we believe we are rendering a service to the English students of German literature by introducing this work to their notice. The theme of the poet is one which should have a special interest for Englishmen. He deals with the fortunes and feelings of a race kindred, if not identical with their own. The leading figure in his poem represents the Saxon character developing its harder traits under the rough pressure of much adversity, while its softer lines are forming under the gentle touch of lofty spiritual influences. In Elmar, the Saxon Etheling, is shown the Saxon heart under the sway of those passions which most appeal to the poetic sense—of patriotism, of manly love, and of religious emotion ; and in him is shown the triumph of those virtues which most commend themselves to the English mind—of patient endurance and honest love of truth.

The opening of the poem introduces us to the disturbed condition of the Saxon population in those days when the civilization of the Franks first began to make way amongst them. Charlemagne had been victorious in the field, and had followed up his victories by forcing the faith and the culture of his own race upon the conquered Saxons. Dioceses were parcelled out in the territory lately added to the Empire, and bishops were appointed to rule half-willing flocks. Monasteries were built, and monks from the West drafted into them, and the children of the forest gathered there to learn the Roman faith and the Roman alphabet. Here is the picture which the poet draws of these early apostles of civilization—

Jüngst erst waren weise Männer  
Angelangt aus fremden Reichen,  
Segensworte auf den Lippen,  
In der Hand des Friedens Zeichen ;

In der Hand die fromme Waffe,  
 Die mit Muth beseelt den Schwachen,  
 Die durch Huld bezwingt die Völker  
 Und besiegt, um frei zu machen.

These were the men who taught the wild children of the forest  
 to decipher the mysteries of the "Roman Runes," and, still  
 deeper depth of wisdom ! actually to express their own thoughts  
 in these puzzling symbols.

Auf den braunen Eichenbänken  
 Sass die Brut der Sachsenrecken,  
 Jung Bären ; Riesenarbeit  
 War's sie bildend zu belecken

Erstlich galt's der Römerrunen  
 Fremden Zauber zu ergründen :  
 O ein dornenvolles Räthsel,  
 Dessen Lösung kaum zu finden !

Doch am schwersten war's, des Kreuzes  
 Milde Botschaft zu erklären,  
 Denn gar manchen Flachskopf dünkteten  
 Gotteswort und Heldenmären,  
 Weisser Christ und weisser Balder,  
 Lichte Engel, lichte Elben,  
 Jüngerschaft und Heerbanstreue  
 Ganz dasselbe, ganz dieselben.

And while the schoolmaster of the monastery laboured thus at  
 his task, the scribe was at work for the profit of coming ages.

Was auf Hellas' blauen Bergen,  
 Was einst am Tyrrhenermeere  
 Dichter sangen, Denker dachten  
 Später Welt zu Lust und Lehre ;  
 Was der Geist geweihten Schern  
 Offenbart in Sturm und Stille,  
 Wort und Werk des Gottessohnes  
 Als er ging in Manneshülle.  
 Von der Mönche Hand geschrieben,  
 Blatt auf Blatt mit Müh' und Sorgen,  
 In den Truhen der Abteien  
 Lag es liebenvoll geborgen.

In a society where the elements of change were so busily  
 at work, Elmar was born. His father, Alfric, had taken an  
 active part in the fierce resistance which for thirty years the  
 Saxons had made to the invading Franks. But defeat had followed  
 defeat, and the Saxon chief at length quitted the field in despair.  
 He came to his mansion of Habichtshof, bearing the wounds of

many a combat. The deadliest wound of all was in his heart—the sense of defeat, the feeling that the foot of the stranger was upon the neck of the Saxon, as the foot of the hunter upon the stricken boar.

Machtlos, rechtlos war der Sachse ;  
Dreist, wie auf die müden Flanken  
Eines speerdurchbohrten Ebers,  
Trat auf ihn der Fuss des Franken.

In vain did Irmintrud, his wife, try the virtue of plant and blossom ; in vain did Swanahild, the aged priestess, exhaust the power of her Runic spells. Potion and spell may assuage the pain of the body, but the cool, quiet earth is, after all, the best remedy for every anguish.

Lindern mögen Wurz und Worte  
Wundenweh und Herzbeschwerde :  
Bester Arzt für jeden Jammer  
Ist die stille kühle Erde.

When his father was dead, Elmar remained under the care of his mother and of the Priestess Swanahild. From them he learned only this lesson—that he should love the gods, the protectors of his country, and hate the Franks, the foes of his race. In his maturer years he was sent to Friesland, to Thiatgrim the kinsman of his house, to be trained by him to deeds of valour worthy of his birth. Amid the bustle and excitement of his new life, his mind still fed itself with the thoughts which had taken root in it in his own home. As he watched the autumn fleets sailing for the South, his fancy carried him back to his own land still enslaved, and to the desolate mother who sat in sorrow by his lonely heath. Full oft, too, his thoughts were of Hildegunde, that little Frankish maiden whose life he had saved, at the risk of his own, and who pale and blushing by turns had kissed him for his bravery, and begged him to keep her secret.

An ein kleines Frankenmädchen  
Das gerettet einst der Knabe  
Mit Gefahr des eignen Lebens  
Aus des Weiher feuchtem Grabe,  
  
Das mit Lachen und mit Weinen  
Auf den Wangen Blässe, Röthe,  
Küssend ihn umschlang und leise  
“Elmar, sag’ es Keinem !” flehte.

At length Elmar returns home to find himself a leader of the Saxons. For a time he finds occupation in the chase. But

a war against boars and herons cannot long engross the energy of a great mind. Elmar grows tired of this trifling away of life, and turns to look for some more worthy occupation. But what career lies open to him? The misfortunes of his people have closed to him all paths to honourable distinction. He cannot take service under the Frank, and rebellion against the Frankish yoke is hopeless. He groans beneath the burden of a life which has no destiny, no duties.

While he is sunk in these gloomy thoughts, a messenger arrives from the Viking Sigurd to summon him to join an expedition against the Britons. The proposal seems to him a message from the gods, and he promptly accepts the invitation. But the warning of an aged follower comes to check his youthful impetuosity, and to remind him that his first duty is to his own kindred.

Uns gehörst du, deinem Volke,  
Das, an Faust und Fuss gebunden,  
Rettung nicht—die Götter zürnen!—  
Heilung sucht für tiefe Wunden.

The appeal is not in vain. After a prolonged struggle, Elmar gains his first victory over himself: he yields to the claims of his dependents, and resolves to stay and share their fortunes.

In the fervour of his new resolution he shows increased attachment to those rites of his country's gods which are still secretly celebrated in spite of the edicts of the Conqueror. And here it is that the poet finds place for one of the most striking episodes of his poem—a description of the death-festival of Balder. In that sacred grove of Iburg, which the King of the Franks had desecrated, the proscribed festival is celebrated under the direction of the Priestess Swanahild. A colt, which has never bent the neck to plough or waggon, nor ever borne rider on its back, is offered in sacrifice to the Light-God. The significance of this strange rite, which, with its weird ceremonies, celebrated in the death of Balder, the waning of the light with the decline of the year becomes transparent in the lines of the poet. The prophetic elements of the story of Balder are so introduced that they seem to foreshadow the coming of a greater "Light-God;" and the secret of a Resurrection to come which Wodan is said to have whispered into the ear of his dying son, is divulged by the priestess in language which seems to echo the words of Him Who is the Resurrection and

the Life. "But when," she asks, "shall Balder return to earth?" It may not be till Muspels' sons have ridden northwards on their fire-breathing steeds, to consume both earth and heaven in punishment of the primeval sin. Then shall a new earth arise, peopled by men of peace, who are fed by the dews of the morning—then only, according to the word of Wala, shall Balder return. Christ, therefore, is not Balder. He is not the god of peace, though his followers name him thus. He has brought only bloodshed and strife, and made us exiles in our own land.

And then a choir of heathen children advance into the sacred circle, and sing their hymn to "shining Balder," to implore his protection against the God of the Christians—

Schirm' uns, Balder, weisser Balder,  
Vor des Christengottes Grimme !

From the forest altar the scene changes to the banquet-hall of Bodo, Count of the shire, the father of Hildegunde. The harvest has been gathered, and the feast with which the labours of the season close is being celebrated. Bodo has bidden his high-bred neighbours to his board, and Saxon nobles and Frankish counts sit together at the banquet. Elmar is there, and near him is Gero—lieutenant of King Charles, and Elmar's rival for the favour of Hildegunde. The maiden, according to ancient custom, presents the wine-cup to her father's distinguished guests. During the ceremony her mien betrays to the watchful Gero the secret of her attachment to Elmar, and the Frank resolves publicly to discredit his rival. In scornful phrases he taunts him with the superstitions of his creed, and mockingly begs from him one of the charms which his witch-mother has taught him to use. At the insult to his mother's name, the Saxon springs to his feet, "broad of shoulder and of giant build." "Blasphemy," he cries, "it is for the gods to punish. *Götterlästrung rächen Götter.* But her for whom I mourn, whose darkest thought was purer far than Frankish virtue, name not, insulting Frank. Name not, or with this sword I smite thee to the earth; by mighty Donar swear I, by aged Wodan."

Bodo interferes in the quarrel in behalf of royal lieutenant, and Elmar quits the hall. Alone he wanders into the dark forest, mourning over the dreariness of a life now made doubly desolate. The night wears on, but the gloom of his thoughts

is deeper than the forest darkness. Suddenly a red glare shoots up over the tree-tops, snake-like tongues of flame roll in wild contortions over the mansion he has lately left. The house of the Frankish settler is in a blaze. Elmar rushes to the scene of the disaster, to find the servants of the household sunk in drunken slumber, and to observe that whilst Gero has contrived to escape from beneath the burning roof, the Count and his daughter are shut in by a circle of fire. He bursts through the barrier of flame, and rescues the captives. The last crash has come, and the mansion of the Count is reduced to a mass of smoking ruins. Elmar offers to him and his daughter the shelter of his own roof. The Frank haughtily rejects the proffered kindness, and Gero improves the opportunity to accuse his rival of taking vengeance for the insult of the banquet-room by firing the house of his entertainer. He promises, moreover, that he will carry the charge before the Assembly of Justice.

Humiliated and distressed, Elmar retires. The burden of his loneliness and his love has become too great for him to bear, and he must share his sorrows with another soul. He seeks the cavern of Swanahild, and reveals to the priestess the secret of his anguish and of his passion. "Mother, thy words are keener than the edge of the sword. Yet hear me speak. Hate and love are struggling in my breast. Speak I must, or I shall die. Give me counsel, O wise Wala! prudent Idis! She I love is a Christian, and the daughter of a Frank."

In the bitterness of sorrow, the priestess makes answer: "Elmar, go; thy doom is spoken. Were thy roof-tree in a blaze above thee, the fire would be less fatal than the passion in thy breast. Go; thou shalt belong to the swarthy stranger, the foe of the Saxon; thou shalt bow thy neck to the Cross, and thy head to the waters of the Christians."

The vengeance of the Frank does not cease to pursue him. In a dark pathway of the forest he is treacherously assailed by Gero and wounded with a poisoned arrow. He plucks the dart from his flesh, and seizes his assailant before he can escape. Discovering in the dastard his rival and accuser, he disdains to take his life: blood so vile should be shed by menial hands.

Geh es mag ein Knecht dich würgen;  
Geh du magst am Zaun verenden!

And so Gero lives to fulfil his promise. Late in the autumn the public *thing* is held beneath the sacred tree of Frigga.

From among the ethelings or nobles of the assembly, twelve assessors are chosen to hear the accusation of Gero, lieutenant of the King, against Elmar the Saxon. The accuser, upon oath, charges the Saxon with having attempted his life, with having practised idolatry and witchcraft, and lastly with having burned the mansion of Bodo, Count of the shire. The accused pleads his cause with noble eloquence. To the accusation that he is a murderer and an incendiary, he replies with proud disdain. For the cause of his country's gods he condescends to plead. He will not acknowledge the right of the Sovereign to forbid the worship of Wodan. "Where I bow lowly down, no fool must mock. What you hold sacred, I respect. What is sacred to me—permit it to exist. We err? It may be! All that breathes must err and grope in darkness—the living believe, the dead alone understand."

Irren wir? Vielleicht! Was athmet,  
Irrt und tappt in Finsternissen  
Blöden auges; die Lebend'gen  
Glauben—und die Todten wissen.

But his refutation of the charge is not enough to free him. He must be cleared by the oath of at least six men of his own condition. And six Saxon nobles cannot be found to swear to his innocence. Hundreds from among the peasant crowd are ready to swear him guiltless; but their oath is not available in the trial of a noble, and fear of the envoy of the King makes those of his own rank unwilling to undertake his defence. He is condemned, and his sentence is pronounced by Bodo, Count of the shire (*gau*). His inheritance is declared forfeit to the Sovereign: the protection of the law is withdrawn from him, and the ban of the kingdom pronounced against him. In sign of his outlawry, his plough and shield are to be broken; he is to quit the shire within three days, nor can he take with him more than a single steed.

Next morning the outlaw leaves his home. An old retainer exhorts him to appeal to his countrymen against the injustice of the stranger, and promises that the Saxon people, already impatient of the yoke of the Frank, will readily obey a summons to war. But Elmar, warned by the results of yesterday's assembly, declines the suggestion. The people, it may be, are anxious for a change; but the nobles of the nation slumber in their mansions, and the armies of the foeman, massed on the

Ems and the Lippe, wait but the opportunity to let loose again upon the country the evils of war.

And so the outlaw goes forth, having first sent his ring and his sword to the Lady Hildegunde.

Imma, deiner holden Herrin  
Neig' ich mich, sie ist mir theuer ;  
Sag ihr—nein, nichts sag' ihr Imma,  
Bin ich doch ein Vogelfreier.

Before night comes on he faints from the pain of his wound and the fatigue of his journey, and he sinks to the earth, there to be found by a monk of the Convent of Dreizehnlinden. The wounded man is a heathen, but the Abbot receives him with compassion, and charges the brethren that they treat him, heathen though he be, "as it is commanded in the tenth of Luke" that the stranger in distress be treated.

In his long delirium, Elmar's "fever-dreams" are of the battle scenes of his early life, which at times mingle strangely with tender memories of Hildegunde. Now he is out upon the sea, battling with its storms, while the form of Hildegunde flits across the waves before him. Next moment his fancied fleet is grappling with the galleys of the Frank, and Elmar and his Northmen are on the deck of the foe. "And now grey water wolves, Hela's ravenous pack, ye shall have your prey." His sword is at the throat of the Frank, when suddenly his passion turns to pity, the face upturned to his has "the same calm eyes he loves," and he cannot smite. Again, he is stretched upon his couch, and "a maiden of gentle mien, with the snow of lilies and the bloom of roses on her cheeks, sits watching him with never-wearying eyes—a pleasant sight to see, but for that hated cross she wears upon her breast, that cross which his eyes must meet wherever they encounter aught that is loveable." And then his dream is of the gods. He hears the harp of Bragi sound within the celestial halls, Idun presents to him her golden dish, rich with the fruit of life, and Wodan points to the couches of Walhalla, the resting-place of tired warriors, and Donar tempts him to drink from his flagon of mead. But in another sphere a maiden more beautiful than Freia is weeping for him, and her tears charm him from the heaven of the Saxon gods, and he will not enter.

Nein, ich mag nicht euern Himmel,  
Abwärts muss ich zu der Einen :  
Mächtig ist ob allen Mächten  
Einer Jungfrau stilles Weinen !

Thus the sick man raves. But the fever does not abate, and Brother Beda, the leech of the monastery, is at last obliged to own that his skill is exhausted. Unwillingly, he seeks the ancient heathen priestess in her cave, and begs from her an antidote for the poison that infects his patient's veins. She gives him the potion, and Elmar is restored to health.

As his strength comes back, the monks who have watched him in his sickness become eager to impart light to his soul. The Prior, an old man, and himself a Saxon, discusses with him the fate of the German people. The future of a nation can, the monk thinks, be divined by those who have used well the experience of a long life. While human passions remain the same they will lead to the same results. And the passions of men do not change with the ages any more than the cloud-vapour changes with the forms it assumes and the colours it displays. The world may seem to be in wild confusion, but all its unruly elements are serving the purposes of order, for good is immortal, and victory in the end must be with God. The Saxons have been subdued, but freedom is often secured by restraint; we tie up the grape-cluster that it may wave freely in the wind, not trail in the dust.

Freiheit sei der Zweck des Zwanges,  
Wie man eine Rebe bindet,  
Das sie, statt im Staub zu kriechen  
Froh sich in die Lüfte windet.

Charlemagne has carried his conquests from the ice-belt of the North to the shores of the Tiber. Was it to set peoples free, or only to make nations of slaves? It matters not what are the purposes of men; the future is not with them or with their heirs. The time shall come when a Saxon shall rule over Germany.

Und von Meer zu Meere hallen  
Jubelstimmen tausendtönig  
“Heil dem blonden Sachsenkinde,  
Glück und Heil dem deutschen König !”

But these things are not for Elmar now to think on. He must let the noisy rulers of the world go their way, and leave the punishment of their misdeeds to Heaven. He must now think only of his own destiny. What has he learned of the mystery of his being and the purpose of his life? Whence has he come, and whither is he going? Is life like the rain-drop, formed of vapour that comes from a nothing above us, and sinks into a nothing

below? Which of the Northern gods will give him answer? Gods! There are none such; these things are but fancies, which change with men and seasons; one Being only there is above the storms of time, eternal, never-changing.

The Prior then unfolds to Elmar the history of that God's relations with men; tells how He lived in human form, and how He died, at last, a cruel death for love of man. But light does not come, and the Prior is forced to this complaint: "Elmar, thou dost make me sad; thou listenest with thine ears, but thou dost not hear with thy heart."

While the neophyte waits for the light, the prayers of a maiden who mourns his loss are winning mercy for him. She comes to the lime-tree under which her mother lies, to weep away her sorrow. Her tears are shed in silence, for a mother's slumber is light. Alas! if that mother knew the anguish her child must bear, a shadow would fall over the brightness of her Heaven!

Leise nur; ein Mutterschlummer  
Ist so leicht; sie würd' es hören;  
Nein, es darf des Kindes Klage  
Ihre Seligkeit nicht stören!

Thus Hildegunde mourns in silence. Men can dare the fate before them, women can only wait and pray, so she will weep and pray beneath the forest trees till Elmar comes back. His ring shall rest upon her heart, and his sword rest in its scabbard till he comes to claim them again.

The prayer of the innocent heart is powerful in Heaven. Elmar listens at length to the earnest lessons of the Prior; his aversion to the Gospel which commands him to pardon and even to love his enemies, gives way at last. He is baptized, and in the glow of his first faith begs to be admitted among the serving brothers of the monastery.

Meanwhile many changes have taken place in the Nethegau. Gero has been expelled from Habichtshofe, and Bodo has discovered that the accusation made against Elmar was false, and that he wrongly pronounced sentence against him. He despatches a messenger to the sovereign to have the sentence cancelled. By order of the King Elmar is restored to his home, and is rewarded by public honours; and Bodo makes amends for the injury he has inflicted by bestowing upon the Saxon the hand of his daughter.

This is a sketch of what may be called the plot of the poem.

It is not a very elaborate nor a very novel chain of dramatic accidents. Like the story which underlies all the great master-pieces of poetic genius, it is so hidden from view that it does not draw the reader's attention from the pictures of human character and human emotion which it is the poet's chief effort to paint. The plot of a poem such as *Dreizehnlinden* must not have an intrinsic merit which will fix attention on it for its own sake. We do not take up a poem of this kind to be pleased by a chapter of startling accidents, but to study the action of great minds under the influence of great passions. We require that the arrangement of external incidents shall be such as to place the subject before us in a light favourable to the study; over and above this, dramatic arrangement belongs to the novelist rather than the poet. The story of *Hamlet* is in itself a simple tale, so, too, is the story of *Faust* and *Achilles*.

The author of *Dreizehnlinden* has not expended much labour on the construction of superfluous dramatic machinery. He is concerned with more important things. He carries us back to a time and place in which a bold and freedom-loving people was suffering under the hardships of a forced subjection. Passionately attached to their country, they clung to its soil after its freedom had departed; devoted to their religion, they remained true to its gods after their altars had been overthrown. The sword could not subdue their stubborn devotion to a lost nationality and a fallen religion. But gentler influences effected what force had failed to achieve. Domestic ties were formed where political union seemed impossible. A new religion, represented by those early monastic institutions, which combined the spirit of chivalry with the spirit of faith, made progress among the Saxons. The grave austerity and gentle patience of this foreign priesthood attracted a people naturally earnest and warm-hearted, and which had been prepared by misfortune to grasp at the consolations which the new Gospel offered to those who labour and are burdened.

Thus it happened that friendly intercourse with the invaders and the nearer influence of their religion, gradually won the Saxons to the faith and civilization of the West.

The progress of this twofold influence is traced in the book before us. The Convent of *Dreizehnlinden* was a centre of that religious spirit which was conquering hearts that the sword had only wounded. In *Hildegunde* are represented those gentler virtues which were winning to friendship a people which defeat

had exasperated, but not subdued. In Elmar is typified the Saxon mind, its rankling hate of the national enemy, its quiet passionate devotion to the national cause, its generous impulses towards the distressed, its scorn of falsehood, its tenacity of established convictions, its power of deep and steadfast affection. All the elements of a great character are strongly marked in the picture before us. The student who seeks excitement in his reading may be inclined to think Elmar a hero of too mild a type. But he must remember that a Saxon Achilles must not be cast in Grecian mould: *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*; that he is of more temperate mood, that he can be prudent as well as angry, that he can bear misfortune when it boots not to rage against it.

Side by side with Elmar stand a crowd of lesser figures, types of the various elements of Saxon national life. Prominent amongst these is the form of Swanahild, that stern priestess, who yet bears upon the rugged lines of her character the imprint of softer virtues. Hating with equal hate the foreign God and the foreign foeman, she is moved nevertheless by the request of the monk in behalf of the wounded guest in the monastery.

Doch ich will den Gast nicht Kränken  
Mag ich auch den Mönch nicht lieben :  
Fremder dann, du wärest besser  
Heim am Cheviot geblieben.

And she has pity and consolation for the sorrows of Hildegunde.

Nein, mit Schmach und herben Worten  
Wird sie dich nicht überschütten :  
Jung und alt, seit hundert Wintern  
Hat sie mehr als du gelitten.

We shall not stay to bestow praise on the exquisite diction and rare power of rhythmical arrangement displayed by the poet. The few quotations we have made are abundant evidence of his merits in this respect. It has been said that since the days of Goëthe the literature of Germany has produced no lines comparable to "Hildegunde's mourning" or "Elmar's fever-dreams." We do not find this praise excessive, and we rejoice that the gifts of the great master have become the inheritance of one who will teach the German people in what true greatness consists, and what are the national traditions of which they may with most reason be proud.

In his description of natural scenery the author is not less happy than in his pictures of human passion. But the passages

to which we accord this praise are of secondary importance in the poem, and we have not thought it necessary to quote from them. Besides, we have special reasons for reserve in bestowing praise on poetry of this kind. We are ready to admit that the great phenomena of nature are legitimate subjects for the poet's art. The material works of God's hand are beautiful, and the beautiful in the physical world strongly moves the poetic sense. Sunset with its deepening shadows and sunrise with its growing lights form pleasing pictures to the eye, and can be painted pleasingly for the fancy. So it is with mountain range, and forest shade, and flowing waters, and the bloom of summer flowers. More truly yet may the same be said of the "human form divine." The graces with which it has been endowed have ever supplied inspiration to the artist and the poet, and this because it is the shrine of a loftier essence, the point at which the material most nearly approaches the region of spirit, the mirror wherein the soul-essence is reflected, and whence it illuminates the world of the unconscious. We are fascinated by the light that shines in innocent eyes, but it is not an arrangement of the cornea or the iris that touches our souls. We are charmed by the outlines of a fair face, or the movements of a graceful form, but it is not the distribution of organs or the contracting of muscular tissue that affects us. Let the eye only express an unworthy passion or the muscles give rise to an unbecoming gesture, and the charm fades. Nerve and muscle may resume their former condition, but the beauty which was in them will not return. In fact, material things are beautiful, not by virtue of their intrinsic condition, but only as they are fitted to reflect the immaterial. For this reason, material nature in its inaccurate forms can only go a short way to satisfy our sense of the beautiful, but human action which can stereotype before us the varying shades of human thought, forms an inexhaustible source of poetic material. It has been said that "a ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle." It is much more so. The poet will find that descriptions of wood and water soon pall upon the poetic taste. But man's sympathy for his fellow's sorrows and joys is endless: he is never insensible to the language which tells of the noble words or deeds which gave expression to noble thoughts.

This is a point which has escaped the attention of many of our own poets, and of not a few of their critics. We are beginning to look upon descriptions of dead nature, executed in strained and tortured metaphors, as a great part of the work

of the poet. There are volumes of modern English poetry which consist mainly of the poets' musing at sunset or sunrise, by the seashore, or on the mountain. As a result of this exclusiveness the chaste graces of nature become so obscured by the extravagant, and often indecent fancies of the poet's brain, that they end by becoming tiresome, even when they are not offensive. We are pleased with the picture of the dawn "skimming the sea with flying fleet of gold," or the "winnowing of the glimmering wind whose feet are fledged with morning," and the like. But when these pictures are held up to us at every turn, with only the framework a little altered, we may be pardoned for feeling weary. The truth is we are justified in requiring from many of our popular poets a somewhat more profound study of the noble thoughts and aspirations of noble men. We might fairly ask them to abridge their misty rhapsodies on nature, to omit altogether their lewd gloatings over the lower forms of human passion, and to employ their power over words in the service of those virtues, manly or tender, which make the dignity of our kind.

The poem *Dreizehnlinnen* might serve to mark the direction in which they can effect this change—and it is in the hope that it will serve this purpose that we commend it to their attention.

*Anemone.*

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CHAPTER XL.

IN STRANGE QUARTERS.

ARCHDEACON WESTMORE could hardly account to himself for the strange interest he took in his involuntary guest. All that the latter would accept in the way of attendance he reserved to himself, and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to leave him alone for the night. But the old man's evident pain at being considered so much of an invalid determined him to obey his pressing wish, and after he had given him with his own hands the last instalment of refreshment and medicine which the doctor had enjoined, after having made up the fire and left him a light behind the curtain, with a handbell close beside it, which the stranger promised to ring at his own slightest want, he betook himself to his own temporary sleeping apartment—which was only separated from that of his guest by the width of a small passage—and prepared to pass the night on a sofa with the door ajar, that he might be ready to obey the first summons in case of need. There was, in fact, very little reason for these precautions, but the Archdeacon was determined for once to do his charity thoroughly, and we must not quarrel with him for doing it in his own rather exaggerated way. He made himself a large fire in the room he was to sleep in, and sat down before it watching the blazing and red hot coals, and quite unmindful of the progress of time.

He did not speculate much as to who his friend might be. It was enough for him that he was a Catholic priest, and that he himself had every possible right and duty to do him all the kindness in his power. But he could not help thinking of Alice, and of the delight she would have felt if she could have shared his watch and attendance on the stranger. Yet Alice knew much less of Catholic priests than he did. He had often sought them out in his rambles abroad, and made friends with them.

He had found them, not always highly educated out of their own line, not always good classical scholars, not always up to the last new inventions and the progress of science, not always men of artistic taste, not always gifted with great powers of conversation. But he had always found them kind, always ready to show him what little they could show in the way of hospitality, though in his wanderings in the country parts of France he had found out that many of the curés lived quite as poorly as the cottagers around them. They had generally taken an interest in him as soon as they heard that he was an English "minister," and had usually thought him on the verge of conversion when they saw that he did not dislike hearing Mass, and could even be seen praying privately in their churches. He had frequently put their native politeness to the severe test of asserting that he was *Catholique, oui, Catholique Romain, non*; but in most cases they had stood the trial without bursting out into laughter. They had been very considerate and compassionate, and he had many an outstanding score of gratitude to pay off for kindness which he had received from them. He resolved that he would pay it all to the last item in his power to this poor wanderer.

Then he thought of his last glimpse of Alice on her knees before her crucifix. What if he were to send for her to come and take care of the stranger? He did not think that there was a Catholic chapel in the little cathedral town; but he remembered to have heard that a small community of Carmelite nuns had lately arrived, and were housed in an old mansion not very far from the Cathedral Close. "My darling!" he had said to himself many times since that Thursday evening, of which mention has been made. He had sentenced himself to loneliness by banishing her, and what had he gained by losing her and Emily? Life with Joanna was not quite the same thing when he had her to himself. Now he thought he had an opportunity—he might call Alice to his side for the sake of this stranger, and then he might establish what one of his clerical advisers had called a *modus vivendi*. He had been very indignant at the term when it had first been used to him. A *modus vivendi* was a sort of tacit concordat between powers who could not openly make peace, because neither could abandon supposed rights. There was to be a *modus vivendi* between the Church and State in Germany, a *modus vivendi* between the Vatican and the Italian Government in Rome, and so on. His

relations to his wife and other members of his family had hitherto been, in his mind, those of a ruler to his subjects, and Alice's great offence had been that she had supposed that she and others had any rights at all of their own. That had been in August, and now it was the week before Christmas in December, and his mind was considerably changed. He felt plainly enough that he not only had not succeeded—he had done wrong. But for this he could have fought it out. He had to humble himself and acknowledge his mistake—a thing Mr. Westmore had seldom done in his life. It was inconvenient and troublesome to live on as he was living. It was not nice to be talked about and criticized, but he could have stood against the whole world if he had felt that he ought to do it. What he did feel was, that he ought to give way. The only question was, how to do it? And, to do him justice, he did not think of having Alice back in her natural position under any severe restrictions. He thought of having her back, and letting things take their course. He had been very angry, but now his anger had evaporated, and left him to his conscience and right judgment.

We must leave the Archdeacon to his cogitations, and pass for a few moments into the next room, where the stranger priest had managed to get possession of his breviary, and was endeavouring with much difficulty to finish his office. He found his head unequal to its usual task in this respect, and so was fain to content himself with ending at Compline, and leaving his Matins for the next morning. Then he lent his head on his hand for ten minutes, trying to think over the day, but here again he found himself baffled in any attempt at thought. "*Pazienza!*" he muttered to himself, and made the sign of the cross several times, repeating simple acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition. He was already undressed, so he took his rosary in his hands, kissed it devoutly, and laid his head down on his pillow. He had not passed many of the decades through his fingers, before his grasp relaxed and he slept off quietly.

The next morning he was much better. The Archdeacon was up early, and stole into his room before it was light. But he found that his visitor was already awake, and anxious to get up. To this, however, his host would by no means consent. The old man was a little troubled, he murmured something about being expected, and disappointing people, and the like. But he yielded when the Archdeacon quoted the strong injunction of the doctor, and declared that he felt himself responsible for

obeying it. "If you are expected anywhere," he said, "I will send a messenger to say you cannot come."

A ring at the door-bell came just at this moment to interrupt the discussion. The servants were not yet up, and the Archdeacon went himself to the door. The applicant was a boy of about thirteen, who brought a note in a curious-looking hand, which he soon made out as coming from the little convent of which mention has been made. The "Prioress unworthy" begged his pardon for intruding on him, but they had been expecting Father Laurence Arden at the little presbytery last night, and he had not arrived. They had heard quite late at night that a gentleman had been seized with a fit on the way from the station, and had been taken in at the Archdeacon's. Perhaps the Archdeacon would excuse her liberty in asking if it was so, and if the stranger was Father Laurence. Their chaplain had left the evening before to go to the Bishop, and they depended on Father Laurence to say Mass for them. But she begged he might not be disturbed if he was unwell. Any tidings that could be sent her would be most gratefully received, as no words could express their anxiety at hearing of any danger to one whom they valued so highly.

Here was a revelation indeed! The stranger, then, whom he had under his roof was no other than Lord Clyst-Arden. He had seen him as a boy, and now remembered some of his features enough to recognize his identity. He would not speak to him, as yet, as Lord Clyst-Arden, but he would set him at ease about his friends at the convent. "Your friends have sent to inquire about you," he said, "I will see that they are under no anxiety."

Then he took his hat, and bade the boy lead him to the new convent. It was not five minutes walk—few places in Manchester were very far apart—and he soon found himself in a large room with nothing in it but a few chairs and a table, into which the earliest rays of morning were just making their way. One side of the room, opposite the windows, was almost entirely occupied with a formidable erection fronted by iron bars, with a good deal of woodwork between them at intervals. What was behind the bars could not be seen, on account of a large black curtain which hung just inside them. In the room beyond, however, there was a candle burning, and this gave a sort of half-transparency to the curtain. After the Archdeacon had sat for a few minutes in a chair close to the bars, he could

just discern a female form in a large religious habit take its seat on the other side, and then a pleasant voice said, "*Deo gratias.*" The lady waited a moment, and then addressed him in English.

"We thank you so much, Mr. Archdeacon, for coming to tell us about our dear Father. I suppose it is true that you have given him shelter after his accident? God will reward you. Let me ask at once how he is?"

He assured her earnestly that there was no cause for alarm. He believed that there might have been a slight fit, but even this was not certain. The doctor insisted on his remaining quiet for a few days, but probably out of precaution rather than on any other account. The Sisters might rely on it that every care should be taken of the Father, and that they should hear constantly how he was. Would they like to come and see him? The Archdeacon even offered to send a carriage.

He heard, he thought, just a faint chuckle in the voice which answered him from the inside of the curtain. The speaker was afraid that it could not be. "We must trust him to others for the nursing," she said. "But he is quite safe with you, Mr. Archdeacon, only he will like some of his own people about him, perhaps. Our own chaplain will be back to-morrow. Perhaps you would ask Father Laurence whether he would like me to telegraph to any one in London?"

"Certainly; all that you wish shall be done. But do not you think you could make an exception for once? It would give me so much pleasure to see you in my house on such an errand. I have seen nuns abroad who have visited the sick."

"Not Carmelite nuns, I think," said the Prioress. "We are strictly inclosed. You see, I may not even talk with you face to face, Mr. Archdeacon," she said.

"It must be a hard life," said the Archdeacon. "Do you never go out at all? Do you never see your friends? Do you not even teach, or visit the poor? You must have nothing to do all day, except when you are in the church."

"We do two things," she said, "we pray as much as we can, and we work at other times. Besides those, we eat and sleep, and read, and talk to one another at recreation."

"I fear it must be dull work," said the clergyman.

She gave a little silvery laugh. "You wouldn't say that if you could see us for a day, or hear the Sisters at their recreation. I never knew what it was to be happy till I came here."

"Ah, yes ; the cloister is so often the place for broken hearts and spoilt lives."

"Not quite that," she said. "I had a happy home, if there ever was one, and I never knew trouble or care. Oh, no ; we are not all people who can find no reason for serving God but the misery we have met with in the world. But come now, Mr. Archdeacon, you seem to think that we must be so unhappy. Are you happy yourself, with all your liberty and your comfortable home, and your troops of friends ? If you are, you will certainly agree with me that happiness does not consist in anything outside ourselves ; it must be in our own hearts, or it is not for us."

The Archdeacon was hardly prepared for this attack, which, however, he could not deny that he had fairly brought upon himself.

"You have a home, I suppose," she went on, very gently and sweetly in tone, "a wife, I should think, and children, who are the delight of your life, and abundance of worldly means, and honour, and respect, and means of usefulness. Your life has a great deal more variety than ours has ; but if it had ever so much more, it is not variety and change that can make it happy,—it is one thing alone, the one thing of which our Lord spoke to St. Martha. Is it not so ? And that one thing is God. That is our one thing ; and that is why the poor Carmelites are so happy."

"Well, Mother, or whatever I should call you," he said, "what you say is the truth, certainly. I have a dear wife, certainly, and children, and all that you say ; but I am not so happy as you are, that is true also. Do you know," he added after a pause, "my wife is of your religion ? She joined your Church some months ago. I think I shall bring her to see you some day, if I may."

"And you treat her kindly ?" said the Prioress, with a little tremor of delight in her voice. "You take in the strangers who come to your doors, and you treat your wife kindly when she becomes a Catholic ? God will reward you, Mr. Archdeacon."

"I must not be praised for what I do not deserve," he said, gravely. "I have thought it right to see nothing of my wife of late ; but I shall give her full liberty now, and I hope we may still be happy together."

"Ah !" she cried, "you are the clergyman we have been asked to pray for lately. We do not know your name ; but

we pray for you every day after Mass. We have made many Communions for you, and now God has sent you our dear holy Father Laurence to nurse. He has sent you a blessing, indeed! How good He is! How He answers prayer! We shall pray for you more than ever, and you will pray also, Mr. Archdeacon?"

But the Archdeacon had had nearly enough, so he cut the conversation short, saying that he must now go, and that he would send down or come again in the course of the morning, after the doctor had seen the Father.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### A FATHER AND A CHILD.

AFTER his breakfast, the Canon Archdeacon waited at home to receive the visit and report of the doctor. The report was favourable enough. There seemed to be no injury, and the good Father was recommended to wait quietly a few days as he was, and then he might go about his usual avocations. There was no case for hospital treatment, and so Mrs. Storrs might perhaps have to bear a little disappointment. The Canon was almost put out at the thought that he was not to be called on for any very extensive exercise of hospitality; all the more, as the nuns were already expecting the Father to stay at the little presbytery adjoining their convent. But when Father Laurence had dressed himself and had some breakfast, he was evidently too weak for anything like exertion at present. He wrote a few lines, evidently to his Superior in London, and begged that they might be sent by the earliest post.

Before the half-past ten service at the Cathedral, the Archdeacon found time to slip into Mrs. Storrs, give his report, and have a few words with Anemone. He had found out that the Father objected to any allusion to his rank, though he did not mind that he should be known for the man he was to any friends of Mr. Westmore's, so long as no fuss was made over it. Thus it was that Mrs. Storrs had the satisfaction of hearing that her conjecture had been correct, and of teasing Anemone about her curiosity. That young lady was thoughtful for a moment as to whether it would be well to let Geoffrey know that his uncle had turned up in England. She was quite sure that he had no idea that he had left the Holy Land. But she

came to the wise conclusion that she, at all events, had better let the matter alone.

And now, how was she to get at her desire about seeing Alice? "Perhaps," she said to herself, "a little talk with the Father himself might help her as well as anything else." But she had not only herself to think of. She had, if possible, to do something that might help on Alice's emancipation. She longed to fold her to her heart, to hear what she had to say, to give her all the sympathy that she could. How was she to get Mr. Westmore to consent? She thought of this as she was dressing and as she was saying her prayers, and yet it seemed to her, when she heard the Archdeacon's tread in the passage, that she had come on a wild-goose chase after all, and that she could not expect to succeed.

They were finishing their breakfast when the Archdeacon came in, and as long as Mrs. Storrs was in the room, he confined himself to the state of the invalid and to the revelation of his identity. Then Mrs. Storrs left them for a few minutes together, and she asked at once after Alice. "I should so like to see her, if it were possible," she said. "I think that I could go, and get back here before night. It is only an hour by the train."

He was silent for some moments and looked steadily on the ground. At all events he was not angry—that was clear. His mouth worked once or twice as if he were going to speak, but no answer came. When he looked up at last his eyes were full of tears. "I should like you to see her, but there must be something before, Anemone. I must see her myself."

Then the strong man gave way, and cried like a child. Anemone said nothing, but pressed his hand as she passed to the door. She left him alone for some minutes, keeping watch in the passage that no one might disturb him.

After a time she came in again softly. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, his tears still flowing. She knelt beside him and whispered, "When shall it be?"

He said he would not send any message, or write. He would go himself and bring Alice over to Merchester that afternoon. "You and Mrs. Storrs will look after the Father for me, and if we cannot get a bed ready for Alice in the residence, I dare say you will provide for that too. My darling shall not hear from any one but myself that we are to be at peace once more."

So it was all arranged. After the service, the Archdeacon intrusted the good Father to Mrs. Storrs and her companion, and left himself for Osmminster. He would be back again, he calculated, for dinner between six and seven.

Father Laurence pleaded hard for leave to go at once to the Presbytery. His new friends were hard on him, however, for they did not know that to him the going to the Presbytery meant the being close to the Blessed Sacrament, and perhaps hearing Mass the next morning, if it was not wise for him to say it. But even in this he gently gave way to their importunities, rather thanadden them by too strong a resistance. He agreed to lie down on the sofa in the breakfast-room during the day, with his Office book by his side, cheerful and happy as ever, for he had, wherever he was and whatever he was doing, that one thing of which the Prioress had spoken in the morning. He was to be allowed to write a few letters and to talk to one person at a time, not for too long together. Thus it came about that a good part of that day was spent by him with Anemone by his side. Mrs. Storrs was occupied with her sick folk.

"So you are Miss Wood," he said. "You know my nephew Geoffrey. He told me about you at Mount Carmel. God will bless you, and give you some great boon in life—for you took care that that little child who was born at Foxat should be baptized."

Anemone told him that she had not done it, though she had intended to get it done if no one else had. It was the Catholic nurse who had done it.

"Geoffrey told me it was you. At all events you have the merit of the good will. Good measure, shaken together, pressed down, and running over, that is what you shall have. We have a good Master! Have you seen Geoffrey lately? He seemed very full of you and your goodness at Foxat."

Anemone told him that she had just parted from Geoffrey, and that it was by means of him that she happened to be then at Merchester.

"He has done me a good turn, dear boy," said the old man. "But he did not know, I suppose, that I was in England."

Then Anemone explained how it had been. This led on to the whole story of Alice and her husband.

"I have heard of that already," he said. "We have all been asked to pray for him. What a strange chance that I should thus come across him—and you, whom I have so long prayed

for—long before Geoffrey told me that. And now he is gone to fetch her, has he? Well, she will be very welcome. And this accident has brought about one or two strange things already. More, perhaps, to come. And why were you so anxious to see Mrs. Westmore? Was it out of simple compassion?"

"Not quite," Anemone said—and then, almost as if he had been her Father all her life, the good girl began to open her thoughts and difficulties to him, and it seemed to her as if the mere telling them made them clear. She had hardly ever seen or spoken to a Catholic priest in her life, and now it seemed as if she had found something she had always been in search of. He said very little, he let her talk on, he put in a question or a suggestion or an observation now and then, which made something clear or put her in the way of some answer to a difficulty—but the greater part of that conversation, a turning-point in Anemone's life, was on her side. She found herself telling him what she had hardly yet avowed to herself—that she felt that she must belong entirely to God, and that the question was only as to the way. She told him how much help she had had from Geoffrey, who had always answered her questions fairly and thoughtfully, but, as the Father could see, rather from the point of reason and common sense than from that of faith. Then she told him of Mother Sophronia, and her exhortations about vocations and the like, and how she had come across the writings of St. Teresa, which had spoken to her heart as no other book but the Bible had ever spoken. She had had no intention of pouring all this out when she went into the room—and if he had asked her many questions and attacked her, she would have stood on the defensive, perhaps—but now she felt as if she should never have the opportunity again, and she did not even remember that she had been told not to fatigue him. He was interested about Sophronia, and spoke of her more kindly and tolerantly than Geoffrey had done, but he seemed to look on her as miserably misguided. In fact, he spoke kindly of every one, but he seemed least hopeful about the Doctor Nebulosus and other leaders of the religious movement than about their disciples. But, in truth, Father Laurence said little about any of them, except when it was necessary. He simply encouraged Anemone to go on; he broke in now and then with an ejaculation about the goodness of God, the blessing of faith, the power of grace, the beautiful manner in which the "kindly light" led people on who were in good faith, and who desired

to serve God in simplicity anywhere. His eye kindled and his voice quivered when he spoke about God. The peace and joy which were in his heart shone out in his face. He was bidding Anemone pray much and talk little, except to such as could really help her, and saying that the first point of all must be to find herself in the true fold, when Mrs. Storrs knocked at the door and broke off the conversation. She said a few kind words of inquiry to the Father, and then she turned rather scoldingly on Anemone for having taken up so much of his time. "She must have tired you, sir," she said, "beyond all conscience."

He protested that he was refreshed rather than wearied. "She shall have a penance," he said, "she must come to me again as soon as possible; she has done me great good."

Anemone was astonished to find that she had been more than two hours with the Father, and that the time for his midday meal was long past. Mrs. Storrs carried her off to her own luncheon, growling good-naturedly all the time. "You must never overdo it with the sick," she said, "they are far more easily tired than people think. That good man must have a good glass or two of wine to restore him after the waste of power which you have brought upon him. What could you find to talk about so much? You can have very little in common with him, I should think. Strange old man he is, though very sweet, certainly. He was a charming person enough when he was young. For such a man to go and become a monk, or friar, or whatever it is! There is no accounting for these delusions. He was to have gone into the Church, I believe, and they expected great things of him. And now he's passed on the estate to his nephew—so much good as he might do with it. I wonder they let him. Well, it passes my comprehension. But we must let people be good and get to Heaven their own way, I suppose."

Anemone did not tell Mrs. Storrs what she had found to talk about with Father Laurence. But she was so abstracted and silent at her luncheon and after it, that the elder lady thought something must be the matter. There are two sides to all good Catholics, in the opinion of such persons as this good lady. There is the honest and the virtuous side, and there is the crafty and cunning and underhand pursuing of some undefined end of mischief. Could it be that this amiable old man was trying to get hold of Anemone? Perhaps he had tumbled

down at the door of the Canon's residence for that very purpose! Who could say? Anemone was rich and young. He might have been rich himself, for that matter—but still there might be an object in gaining such a recruit as Anemone. She must be on her guard!

Mrs. Storrs—we do not mention it in ridicule of that worthy lady, but in sincere praise—had an immense faith in what she always spoke of as the "Scriptures." One of her practices was to open the New Testament, at hazard as it seemed, and to read the chapter on which she chanced to fall. Anemone had better have a little of the "Scriptures" that afternoon, she thought. So she made her sit down and read a chapter aloud as soon as they had got rid of their luncheon. She opened the book this time on the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. As Anemone read on about the institution of marriage, the good lady by her side was not displeased at the chance which had guided her hand that day. She listened with less patience to the passage immediately following about those who remained virgins for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then there came the passage about the young man who came to ask what he should do to attain eternal life. Anemone's voice faltered a little at the words: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow Me." She paused for a moment and seemed lost in thought. But then she recovered herself and read the ending of the chapter with a firm clear voice, and great deliberation. "And every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life. But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

As she finished, Anemone rose and kissed Mrs. Storr affectionately, with tears in her eyes. "Thank you so much, Aunt Mary, for making me read that."

Then, in a moment, she was gone. "What can be the matter with the child?" said Mrs. Storr to herself. And she began to deliberate whether it was a case for blue pill, or for a slight tonic.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## PLASTON FARM.

AUNT JOANNA, more from character than deliberate malice, was quite sure not to let slip an opportunity of adding to the weight of the punishment which Alice had to bear. It so chanced that, on the morning of which we are speaking, there came a rather indifferent account from the farm, where the Westmore children were staying, as to the health of the young baby. If the note from the nurse had fallen directly into the hands of the Vicar himself, it is probable that he would not have thought much of it. The child was certainly weakly, but not extremely so, and it was constantly watched by the doctor. He had merely said the day before that he should not like it to catch cold, and a cold it had certainly caught. This was the purport of the message. There are colds and colds, even for young babies, and nothing in the note showed that this cold was a bad one of its kind. But to Joanna's imagination, ever ready to see the blackest side of everything and everybody, it meant a great deal more than it was intended to mean. She already saw the little one at its last gasp, and she would not have been Joanna if she had not used the facts, as they represented themselves to her own mind, for the purpose of making Alice feel what a mistake she had made in opposing her husband's wishes.

We have already remarked on that peculiar power of people of Joanna's class, to make themselves believed on particular occasions by persons who in general know that they are given to romancing. On the day of which we are speaking, Alice fell altogether under the influence of this spell. She had not been told why her husband had gone away, or how long his absence was to last. She knew he was absent, for when he was away, the servants used to take little liberties with his regulations, and let their young mistress see that she had their sympathy. Even the dragon in charge of the state of siege relaxed, for she had found out that the general feeling of the household was in favour of Alice, and, to say the truth, she had been won to her side by her extreme gentleness and submissiveness. Joanna saw this to some extent, and it made her a little more out of sorts with Alice than usual. She was beginning to be afraid that her brother would give way. She went to Alice that morning, therefore, leaving the note down-

stairs, and told her that there was an alarm about her child. It might be nothing—but then she went through the whole catalogue of infantile maladies, and showed how unlikely it was that little Annie should escape them. She exaggerated the symptoms which the nurse had mentioned, and invented others. The poor woman succeeded only too well. Alice burst into tears, and for the first time was nearly uttering her complaints in strong language. She checked herself, however, in time, and let Joanna talk on—for that was the best way of getting her to stop. But Joanna took up her parable at considerable length. This was what came of making it impossible to bring up children in their own homes. The farm was a drafty place, and the food could not be looked after. The drains were bad, and the whole atmosphere unhealthy. She hoped the poor little thing would not be sacrificed. But the chances were against it. “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,” of course—still we all had our duties to our children!

“Of course you will telegraph to Charles?” said the poor mother. “Dear Joanna, do beg him to come home at once.”

“I think I shall go and see the child myself,” said Joanna, coldly.

“Oh, let me go too, Joanna! Charles will never let me be kept away at such a time. Surely, Joanna, I may go. I will take the whole blame. He never thought of such a time as this!”

“Ah, my dear, we should all think of such times, when we make up our minds to rebel against the authority which we have vowed to obey. Charles will never forgive me for letting you go: you might meet the priest, or any one. There is only one condition, Alice, on which you can see your child.”

Even Joanna did not like to go further. Alice tore herself away, and went into her own bedroom. There she sank on her knees before her crucifix. It was not long before she was as calm as ever. Meanwhile, Joanna went about her household duties as if nothing had happened. She sent the note, however, down to Mr. Bland.

Long afterwards Alice remembered that afternoon. She took a very slight luncheon, and then went back again to her bedroom to read and pray and muse. There was no further message from the farm,—no news of what Mr. Bland thought, no sign from Joanna. Her suspense was hard, but she was surprised at her power of bearing it. Over and over again she made in her

heart the sacrifice of losing her child—of not even seeing it in its last hours. After all, her faith told her it was safe, and that she should meet it again. Annie was to be in the sight of God, endowed with marvellous powers of understanding Him and loving Him, and all without a battle—with no cost but the slight suffering of a short sickness. If Annie were to live, how could she hope to see her brought up in the Catholic Church? It was hard to the mother's heart to lose her, but she had read of mothers in the days of persecution who had stood by while their children were being tortured, and encouraged them to persevere. After all, her child belonged to God rather than to her. The Lord gave it, let the Lord take it if He chose. She even felt a kind of satisfaction at having something so great to suffer for her faith. The tears came to her eyes as she thought of the little one; but she looked calmly out over the landscape, lit up now by a bright December sun, shining through a clear sky which presaged a severe frost that night. Its calm and peace could not console her of itself; but it reminded her of the verse, "Great is their peace, who love Thy law," and she could leave herself and her child in the hands of the Father Whose law made peace wherever it prevailed.

Then there was a rustle at the door of her apartment, a quick, well-known step,—and almost before she could turn round, her husband stood before her. He held out his arms wide, and clasped her in them. "My darling! my darling! my darling!" He pressed her to his heart, and kissed her over and over again. No one was with him. She thought he was come to tell her that her child was gone. "God has taken her to Himself, then," she murmured. "His holy will be done." But he soon saw her mistake, and let her see that it was not on account of Annie's illness that he had come. He had come to make peace, and take her again to his bosom. All the trouble of these last months was to be at an end. She was to have her liberty, and be still his Alice, the joy of his life. He was come to take her to Merchester, to look after Father Laurence, and to be with Anemone, and then he would bring her back, and the happy days would begin again. Emily should come back, and they would all try to forget that there had ever been differences between them.

The change was almost too sudden for Alice to take it in all at once. She could not tell—nor did he explain—how it had come about. How could he? Nothing external had

passed which could account for it. It was a simple victory of prayer, and of grace working silently and powerfully in his own heart. But his whole manner told her that the change was real. At one moment she thought it might be that he was beginning himself to turn towards Catholicism. She did not express the thought, and after a time she saw no reason for thinking that the conjecture was true. He was softer and tenderer than ever before, even than he had been in the first heyday of his love. He was changed, that was all—it did not follow that he was nearer the faith.

She asked him very tenderly to let her be alone for a few moments, and then she again strengthened herself by prayer. Then she went to him in the outer room, and begged him to take her to Annie. It soon came out that he did not think much of the nurse's note; nor, indeed, had Mr. Bland thought much of it, when it had been forwarded to him by Joanna. But the Archdeacon was in no mood to refuse his Alice anything, and so he ordered the carriage at once, put her by his side, and drove out to Plaston. She hardly thought at all of the effect that might be produced on the good folk of Osminster as they saw her drive through the streets with her husband by her side. The report spread that the child was dying, and that the Vicar had come home to take his wife to see it. It mattered very little to the Vicar and his wife. The light phaeton flew over the hard road, and Plaston was soon in sight. Alice nestled up to her husband all the time. Few words passed, as few words need ever pass when hearts are full.

There was no alarm at Plaston. The children had been out for the afternoon walk, but it had not been long, as the weather was turning cold. The elder baby showed his delight at his mother's presence. He had not forgotten her. The other Alice had scarcely even seen, but there were no signs of the terrible maladies about it which had been conjured up by the fertile brain of Joanna. Annie was a delicate child, but the young mother was easily persuaded by the nurse that she was doing well. Her husband left her in full possession of her darling, while he went and made the arrangements necessary for the transport of the whole nursery to Blackley House as soon as was possible.

Then he came and told her that she must give up the child to the nurse again, and come home with him. She had hardly understood before that they were to leave by the train at

half-past four for Merchester. That night she would see —Anemone, perhaps Father Laurence. In her heart she added, perhaps hear him say Mass to-morrow, perhaps go again to Holy Communion!

There were to be no drawbacks to Alice's delight on that happy day. She had not been at the Residence ten minutes before she was in the arms of Anemone. They had no time for talk, however, as they were not alone, nor had she any time to make acquaintance with Father Laurence. Later in the evening, word came up from the convent that the chaplain of the nuns had returned, and that Mass would be said at eight on the next morning. Alice looked at her husband, and he said at once, "Darling, you shall go."

He took her himself to the door of the convent. For the present, Mass was said in a large room close to the door. At the end of this room, folding doors opened into another beyond, and here the nuns had their temporary choir, the altar being just in front of the folding doors. This arrangement enabled them to admit the two or three Catholics who had been "discovered" in Merchester by their arrival in the town, to hear Mass. Father Laurence, much to his sorrow, was not allowed to go out in the morning as yet, but this fact served as a valid reason for his migration in the course of the day to the presbytery, which was, in fact, a part of the large rambling mansion of which the nuns had become the tenants. The Archdeacon did not stay after he had left his wife at the door, and so she had the room reserved for the people almost entirely to herself. It was too late to think of getting to Communion, as she could not see the priest before the Mass began—but she heard it with a heart full of joy, and few even of the nuns themselves prayed more fervently or more thankfully than she did.

As she went out, she discovered that she might come and pray before the altar whenever she chose, as long as she was in Merchester. She did not stop to make herself known to the nuns, not wishing to be away from her husband too long. But the little maiden who opened and shut the door eyed her inquisitively, and, as she had seen the Archdeacon bring her to the door, her keen wit soon came to the conclusion how things were. So it soon got about among the nuns that the Archdeacon had brought his wife. The maiden in question was duly instructed not to let Alice go away again without having seen the Reverend Mother.

At breakfast Alice was shy and nervous, but her husband's tenderness was extreme, and she gradually regained her ease. After a time, it seemed to her as if she had never been at her ease with him before. He noticed in her a calm and a serenity which he had never seen. She seemed to have grown stronger and more thoughtful—as was only natural after so much seclusion—softer in some ways, in others more decided. Father Laurence joined them at their breakfast, and his conversation took off a little of the difficulty which made them silent. He talked pleasantly about parts of the world which the Archdeacon had travelled in, and was full of anecdotes and local information. Later on the time came for the Cathedral Service, and then Alice was left alone with the Father.

She got up and knelt to ask for his blessing. It was the same as when Anemone was with him telling him the tale of her difficulties—he saw nothing in all but the goodness of God, the wisdom of God, the mercifulness of God. In a very few minutes she was at home with him as if she had known him all her life, and he gave her hints and directions as to her dealings in future with her husband. He spoke of him as having had a very great grace; but she was to trust almost exclusively to prayer, and consult his wishes in every possible way. "If he sees that the faith makes you a holy wife, that is the way he may be brought home himself." He told her to make no trouble about the children at present, as they were so young. She was to leave Emily alone, but to make no promises as to her or any one else. Then he told her that another great blessing was in store for her, as he humbly hoped. What could that be? He did not betray anything that Anemone had told him about her state of mind, but he bade her pray very much for her, and let her see that his hopes related to her. He almost broke down when he spoke of Anemone. "She does not know it; she has heard of me only from Geoffrey and the rest. But I knew who she was when she came into the room, because she is so like what her mother was at the same age. I knew them all then, and it seemed to me like a dream. Afterwards she wanted to become a Catholic, but I suppose her marriage prevented her. Your husband, too, is like his father. I am come in my old age to England again, and Providence shows me one after another the children of those I loved. How good is God!"

In the course of the day, Alice had her long talk with

Anemone. It seemed as if Anemone had an endless string of questions to be answered. Alice had only been a Catholic four months, and during that time she had not spoken to a Catholic since her reception and Communion, nor been to Mass once except on that very morning. And here was Anemone plying her with this thing and that, as if she had been in the Church all her life! Luckily Anemone had not many difficulties to propose, and if she had, there was Father Laurence close at hand to refer to. Nor had she much information to seek, and if she had, there was the same resource available. What Alice could tell her was about herself—about the peace of soul and happiness of heart which had settled upon her from the very first. It seemed to be saying very little, to repeat over and over again how happy she was. Let us hope that if Anemone ever took the step which Alice had taken, she had more solid grounds for doing so than the joyous serenity which she found in this young mother, who had been shut up from her children and the privileges of her religion for so long a time. But those who are familiar with the manner in which souls are led to God, will not be angry when they are told that Anemone found almost as much to encourage her in her conversation with Alice, as in that which she had already had with Father Laurence.

It was arranged that the Archdeacon and Alice were to return to Osminster that evening. Christmas Day was the end of that week, and there was much to be done at home. Father Laurence wished Alice to see more of her friend, but it could not be helped. "We must trust to God," he said. He was himself to stay in Merchester for the present, till he was quite restored, but it was not quite settled that Anemone should stay on at Mrs. Storrs'. All was rather uncertain—but the present blessings were enough for Alice. She found time to pay her visit to the convent, and was welcomed by the Prioress as a convert who had already won a crown of suffering. Anemone went with her—but she kept resolutely in the background, and forced Alice to do all the talking.

When they reached home, Charles Westmore took his wife into his study and again embraced her as if she had been away from home for a long time. "Fear nothing now, my darling," he said. "I have taken you to the door of the chapel at Merchester, and I shall do the same at Osminster to-morrow morning. And whatever you wish for in the way of your religion, you shall have abundantly, if I have the power to procure it for you."

He was as good as his word the next morning. The Mass was earlier than their usual hour of rising, but he was up betimes, and walked with her through the streets. Not many people saw it, but it soon got to be noised about. But in the course of the day the good people of Osminster had something else to talk about—for it was on that day that Mr. Barker died.

Although he had been so many months ailing, the news that he was gone came with a great shock upon the parish. He was much liked and beloved, and his family were very popular. It was feared, too, that his affairs would not be left in a state which could make them comfortable. So there was a great deal of true sympathy for the widow and children. It seemed perfectly natural for Alice to go and see them as soon as they could see any one, and she seemed to slip into her proper place without any effort or surprise to them or to others. Mr. Hornsea was very cordial when he met her at the door, and Jane threw her arms round her neck and sobbed on her breast. She was able to be useful to them already in a hundred little ways. The event at the Vicarage saved her husband, also, from any explanations with Mr. Hornsea or others. Then it was that the letters to Emily were written of which mention has already been made. The funeral was put off till the Tuesday—nearly a week after the death. By that time Christmas Day would be past, as well as the Sunday which followed it.

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—CARDINAL NEWMAN AND CANON LIDDON.

IN our last issue we commented at some length on a sermon preached at the late commemoration at Oxford by Canon Liddon, in which the preacher went out of his way, as we consider, to attack Cardinal Newman's theory of development—which he had a right to do if he pleased—and in the course of his attack, to misrepresent it, no doubt, unintentionally—which he had no right to do. The readers of that article will remember that the writer insisted on the distinction between the two expressions, "assimilation" and "accretion," as applied to the process of development. The first is Cardinal Newman's word, the last—or rather, accretion from without, is the phrase used by Canon Liddon in representing Cardinal Newman. Catholics, according to Canon Liddon's account of the theory, "have elements in their Creed which have no germinal or counterpart in the Creed of the Apostles, since they come to it by a process of accretion from without." This was objected to in our article as unfair, Cardinal Newman having spoken of the assimilation of matter to which the germinal idea has an affinity.

We have every reason for believing that Cardinal Newman rejects the word accretion as not fairly representing his idea. It has been pointed out to us, also, that he has drawn out, at greater length than in the passage which we quoted from the *Essay on Development* the same idea, in his essay on *Milman's View of Christianity*. The passage will speak for itself, but we must remark in fairness that in the original essay the word "accretion" was used in one place which will be found noted below—not however the words accretion from without. We quote the passage from proofs which have been kindly for-

warded to us of the Essay as it stands in the new forthcoming edition. Cardinal Newman says—

“The phenomenon, admitted on all hands, is this:—that great portion of what is generally received as Christian truth, is in its rudiments or in its separate parts to be found in heathen philosophies and religions. For instance, the doctrine of a Trinity is found both in the East and in the West; so is the ceremony of washing; so is the rite of sacrifice. The doctrine of the Divine Word is Platonic; the doctrine of the Incarnation is Indian; of a divine kingdom is Judaic; of Angels and demons is Magian; the connexion of sin with the body is Gnostic; celibacy is known to Bonze and Talapoin; a sacerdotal order is Egyptian; the idea of a new birth is Chinese and Eleusinian; belief in sacramental virtue is Pythagorean; and honours to the dead are a polytheism. Such is the general nature of the fact before us; Mr. Milman argues from it,—‘These things are in heathenism, therefore they are not Christian:’ we, on the contrary, prefer to say, ‘these things are in Christianity, therefore they are not heathen.’ That is, we prefer to say, and we think that Scripture bears us out in saying, that from the beginning the Moral Governor of the world has scattered the seeds of truth far and wide over its extent: and these have variously taken root, and grown up as in the wilderness, wild plants indeed but living; and hence that, as the inferior animals have tokens of an immaterial principle in them, yet have not souls, so the philosophies and religions of men have their life in certain true ideas, though they are not directly divine. What man is amid the brute creation, such is the Church among the schools of the world; and as Adam gave names to the animals about him, so has the Church from the first looked round upon the earth, noting and visiting the doctrines she found there. She began in Chaldea, and then sojourned among the Canaanites, and went down into Egypt, and thence passed into Arabia, till she rested in her own land. Next she encountered the merchants of Tyre, and the wisdom of the East country, and the luxury of Sheba. Then she was carried away to Babylon, and wandered to the schools of Greece. And wherever she went, in trouble or in triumph, still she was a living spirit, the mind and voice of the Most High; ‘sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions;’ claiming to herself what they said rightly, correcting their errors, supplying their defects, completing their beginnings, expanding their surmises, and thus

gradually by means of them enlarging the range and refining the sense of her own teaching. So far then from her creed being of doubtful credit because it resembles foreign theologies, we even hold that one special way in which Providence has imparted divine knowledge to us has been by enabling her to draw and collect it together out of the world, and, in this sense, as in others, to 'suck the milk of the Gentiles and to suck the breast of kings.'

"How far in fact this process has gone, is a question of history; and we believe it has before now been grossly exaggerated and misrepresented by those who, like Mr. Milman, have thought that its existence told against Catholic doctrine; but so little antecedent difficulty have we in the matter, that we could readily grant, unless it were a question of fact not of theory, that Balaam was an Eastern sage, or a Sibyl was inspired, or Solomon learnt of the sons of Mahol, or Moses was a scholar of the Egyptian hierophants. We are not distressed to be told that the doctrine of the angelic host came from Babylon, while we know that they did sing at the Nativity; nor that the vision of a Mediator is in Philo, if in very deed He died for us on Calvary. Nor are we afraid to allow that, even after His coming, the Church has been a treasure-house, giving forth things old and new, casting the gold of fresh tributaries into her refiner's fire, or stamping upon her own, as time required it, a deeper impress of her Master's image.

"The distinction between these two theories is broad and obvious. The advocates of the one imply that Revelation was a single, entire, solitary act, or nearly so, introducing a certain message; whereas we, who maintain the other, consider that Divine teaching has been in fact, what the analogy of nature would lead us to expect, 'at sundry times and in divers manners,' various, complex, progressive, and supplemental of itself. We consider the Christian doctrine, when analyzed, to appear, like the human frame, 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' but they think it some one tenet or certain principles given out at one time in their fulness, without gradual enlargement<sup>1</sup> before Christ's coming or elucidation afterwards. They cast off all that they also find in Pharisee or heathen; we conceive that the Church, like Aaron's rod, devours the serpents of the magicians. They are ever hunting for a fabulous primitive simplicity; we repose in Catholic fulness. They seek what

<sup>1</sup> In the earlier editions the word is "accretion."

never has been found; we accept and use what even they acknowledge to be a substance. They are driven to maintain, on their part, that the Church's doctrine was never pure; we say that it never can be corrupt. We consider that a divine promise keeps the Church Catholic from doctrinal corruption; but on what promise, or on what encouragement, they are seeking for their visionary purity does not appear."

We must thank Canon Liddon for having been the occasion for our having to quote this grand passage. To our mind, it contains not only the explanation of many apparent difficulties about the developments of Christian doctrine in the past, and the answer to objections such as those of Dr. Milman, but a great principle of the government of God, which must be taken into account whenever we have to consider His dealings with the heathen, and without which the defenders of Christian revelation may sometimes fight at an apparent disadvantage. Since the time when Dr. Milman wrote and was reviewed by the present Cardinal of St. George, we have come to learn a great deal more than was then known about the old religions of the East, and we should never be surprised at an attack on Christianity as having borrowed largely from them. It will make a great difference to those who have to meet that attack, whether they understand as they ought the influence of primitive revelation on the strange forms of belief and worship which now confront us wherever there has been a very ancient civilization. The principle for which Cardinal Newman argues is the principle on which St. Paul rested in his address to the Athenians at the Areopagus. It is involved in the opening of St. John's Gospel, and in that of the Epistle to the Hebrews—not to speak of other places in Scripture. And as has already been said, it makes all the difference in the world to the right statement of the theory of development which Canon Liddon has attacked and, as we think, misrepresented.

## 2.—CARDINAL NEWMAN'S ADDRESSES.

Those who had the privilege of being present at the Oratory at Edgbaston on the feast of the Assumption, will not easily forget the replies of Cardinal Newman to the addresses then presented to him. They were carefully prepared, as it appears, and read with that peculiar power and expression which the old Oxonians of four decades back are so fond of celebrating as giving an unequalled force to the words of the then Vicar of St. Mary's. It is not our purpose to comment at any length upon these addresses, which we are sorry to see imperfectly reported in one at least of the principal English Catholic papers.<sup>1</sup> Every word of Cardinal Newman on such an occasion is worth preserving, especially as addresses of this kind do not long survive, and may have to be sought for hereafter in the pages of the weekly newspapers. We may take the liberty of printing at least the most important of these answers—that to the Address of the Committee of the Presentation Fund, read by the Duke of Norfolk. The reply was as follows—

“ My Lords, Gentlemen, My dear Friends,—

Next to my promotion by the wonderful condescension of the Holy Father to a seat in the Sacred College, I cannot receive a greater honour than, on the occasion of it, to be congratulated, as I now have been, by Gentlemen who are not only of the highest social and personal importance, viewed in themselves, but who come to me as in some sort representatives of the Catholics of these Islands, nay, of the wide British Empire.

“ Nor do you merely come to me on *occasion* of my elevation, but with the purpose, or at least with the effect, of co-operating with His Holiness in his act of grace towards me, and of making it less out of keeping, in the imagination of the outer world, with the course and circumstances of my life hitherto, and the associations attendant upon it. In this respect I conceive your Address to have a meaning and an impressiveness of its own, distinct from those other congratulations, more private, most touching and most welcome that have been made to me, and it is thus that I explain to myself the strength of your language about me, as it occurs in the course of it. For, used though it be in perfect sincerity and simple affection, I

<sup>1</sup> The *Tablet*. The report in the *Weekly Register* is, we believe, entirely accurate.

never will believe that such a glowing panegyric as you have bestowed upon me was written for my sake only, and not rather intended as an expression of the mind of English-speaking Catholics for the benefit of those multitudes who are not Catholics, and as a support thereby to me in my new dignity which is as really necessary for me, though in a different way, as those contributions of material help with which also you are so liberally supplying me.

"I accept this your word and your deed as acts of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father himself, and I return you thanks in, I may say, his name, both for your munificence and for your eloquent praise of me.

"This your double gift, for so I must consider it, I conceive to be an offering from you to the Sovereign Pontiff, to the Holy Roman Church, to the Sacred College, and lastly to the Cardinal Deacon of the title of St. George; but still I should have very little heart, unless I also viewed it as a kindness personal to myself. Yes, of course it is personal, for the very reason that it is intended to enable me to be something more than what I am in my own person. A certain temporal *status* a certain wide repute are necessary, or at least desirable, for the fulfilment of the duties to which, in the sight of the Holy Father, I have pledged myself. Among the obligations of a Cardinal I am pledged never to let my high dignity suffer in the eyes of man by fault of mine, never to forget what I have been made and whom I represent; and, if there is a man who more required the support of others in satisfying duties for which he was not born, and in making himself more than himself, surely it is I.

"The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom form, not only a spiritual, but a visible body; and as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and cannot but become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly, in the Pope and his Court, in his Basilicas, Palaces, and other Establishments at Rome. It is an aspect rich in pomp and circumstance, in solemn ceremony, and in observances sacred from an antiquity beyond memory. He himself can only be in one place, but his Cardinals, so far as he does not require their presence around him, represent him in all parts of the civilized world, and carry with them

great historical associations, and are a living memento of the Church's unity, such as has no parallel in any other polity. They are the Princes of an Ecumenical Empire. The great prophecies in behalf of the Church are in them strikingly fulfilled, that 'The Lord's house should be exalted above all the hills,' and that 'Instead of thy fathers sons are born to thee, whom thou shalt make princes over all the earth.' I am not speaking of temporal dominion, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power, of a visible grandeur, which even those who do not acknowledge it, feel and bow before.

"You, my dear Friends, have understood this ; you have understood, better than I, what a Cardinal ought to be, and what I am not, my greatness of position and my wants. You, instead of me and for me, have (in St. Paul's words) "glorified my office." You are enabling me to bear a noble burden nobly. I trust I never may disappoint you or forfeit your sympathy, but, as long as life lasts, may be faithful to the new duties which, by a surprising disposition of Providence, have been suddenly allotted to me.

"JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

*"The Assumption, 1879."*

There were several most interesting and touching parts in the other replies—as that in the reply to the Address of the Academia, in which the Cardinal spoke of the occasional character of his writings, as distinguished from those of a man who could select one subject and devote himself to it. Such again was the passage in reply to the Address of the Poor School Committee, in which he insisted that he had ever regarded the office of education as in itself a pastoral office. "I never would allow that in teaching the classics I was absolved from carrying on by means of them an ethical training in the minds of my pupils. I consider a College tutor to have the care of souls ; and before I accepted the office I made a private memorandum that, supposing I could not carry out this view of it, the question would arise, whether I could continue to hold it. To this principle I have been faithful throughout my life. It has been my defence to myself since my ordination to the priesthood for not having given myself to direct parochial duties, and for having allowed myself a wide range of reading and thought and of literary work." Such,

too, is the statement that when Leo the Thirteenth "first told me what was in prospect for me, he sent me word that he meant this honour to be a 'public and solemn testimony of his approbation.'" But we must not let ourselves be tempted into longer quotations.

There are two points to which we conceive it may be well to draw attention, as bearing, though certainly indirectly, on two not uncommon mistakes as to the eminent person of whom we are speaking. No one who reads the passage in the Address which we have printed which relates to the position of a Cardinal as a Prince of an Ecumenical Empire, will be likely to think that in the mind of Cardinal Newman, he has received an empty title of honour, a decoration, like the Order of the Garter, or the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which conveys with it no active and pressing duties. Cardinal Newman has not been raised to the dignity of a member of the Sacred College in order that he may henceforth have no more influence in the government of the Church than before. If there have ever been merely titular Cardinals, the days in which we live are not the days for them. The other remark we may make is suggested by the few words already referred to, about the occasional character of his writings. It is impossible to be angry with Anglican writers who are at their wits' ends what to make of the elevation of Dr. Newman to the Cardinalate, and who take refuge from uncomfortable thoughts in attributing it all to the matchless beauty of his literary style. It is quite true that the beauty of his style is matchless, but that would not be enough to make him what he is. We might say, in the first place, that the peculiar combination of clearness with force, and of poetical richness with depth and cogency, of originality with literary culture of the highest kind, by virtue of which Cardinal Newman's works will live as long as the language in which they are written, is never to be found in any writer whose intellectual level is not of the very highest. But the charms of style are, after all, insufficient, in the second place, to win true influence for those who possess them, without moral greatness and a purity and loftiness of conduct which force us to believe in the man before we listen to his words. We could name instances in literature, and many more perhaps in the cognate department of oratorical eminence, in which the most eloquent of speakers and writers have been among the most uninfluential of men. In the case of Cardinal Newman, it is preposterous to speak as

if style had ever had much to do with his power. It is what he is and what he has done, not what he has said and what he has written, which give him the confidence and admiration of his countrymen, and, which is far more than that, have won for him the solemn approval of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

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3.—SOME RESULTS OF THE FERRY PERSECUTION.

The adjournment of the discussion of the Ferry Laws till the next meeting of the French Chambers, has necessitated the continuance of the agitation concerning those ill-omened measures. There is perhaps not much new to be said on the main points involved—but then those points are of vital importance, and it is clear that the enemies of Catholic education, at all events, are not about to let the matter go to sleep. They are wise, in a certain sense, and foolish in another. Never since the days of the first Revolution in France have the men who wish to get rid of religion altogether had a fairer chance of success, at least for the time. The political circumstances of the country almost necessitate the continuance of the Republic, while yet the Republic is not, as it was in 1848, an institution which commands the allegiance of eminent and patriotic men of all classes and parties. The state of things in 1848 secured France for a time against the tyranny of those who happened, before the fall of Louis Philippe, to have professed Republican principles. The Republic of 1848 was served by the best men of the country, and, as a matter of fact, its legislation was in many respects excellent. The Church received from its hands the amplest measure of educational freedom which she has enjoyed since the days of the first Napoleon. That Republic fell by the faults of its Chamber, and the gradually prevailing feeling that it was not strong enough to preserve Society from the Red Revolution. This made the enterprize of Louis Napoleon and his adherents possible, and rendered the country willing to accept the Empire after the *coup d'etat* had once been made. But for a time, as has been said, the best men of France accepted the Republic, because they had nothing else to fall back on.

The present Republic, since the fall of the De Broglie Ministry, has been entirely in the hands of the faction of Free-

masons, adventurers, Socialists, and journalists, who are Republicans and nothing else—and only so, perhaps, because they could have no chance of prospering under any other form of government. They have already shown how true it is, that there is no tyranny more unblushing or more violent than that of those who proclaim themselves the chosen apostles of liberty. Their parliamentary tactics consist mainly in using their majority to declare the elections of the minority invalid. Their use of the ministerial power, so far greater abroad than in this country, has been characterized by the practical application, for the first time in Europe, of the American maxim, that the spoils are for the conquerors, and that the first duty of a party that gains a majority at the elections is to give places and emoluments to the most needy and most unscrupulous of its adherents. The immense number of the appointments at the disposal of the Ministry have never been so wantonly given away to unworthy men for party purposes as since the accession to power of M. Grévy. More than that, the Ministry has had the audacity practically to destroy the most important tribunal in France, the *conseil d'état*, by forcing the resignation of all the more respectable of its members, in order to make places for creatures of its own, who are about as fit for the discharge of the functions of that high tribunal as the riff-raff of a London Vestry would be to discharge the duties of the Court of Appeal, or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The "purification," as it has been called, of the *conseil d'état* was taken in hand by the Ministry just a few days before that tribunal was to give a decision, of which the Government were afraid, as to the claims of some teachers in schools who had been violently ejected by the Government on account of religion. This arbitrary act was followed up at no great interval of time, by an announcement which closed all the public institutions to which admittance is gained by examinations, against all pupils of schools and colleges other than those of the State. No party in any really free country could bear the public indignation naturally excited by such acts for a fortnight. But the tools of M. Gambetta will certainly go to the bitter end—whatever that may be. No moderation in policy, no consideration for the imposing demonstration of public opinion as evidenced by the use of the right of petition,—a right which the Government has done its best to stifle, but in vain—no consideration even of the true interests of their own party or of the Republic itself, considered

as a form of Government, can be looked for in the present rulers of France.

It is clear to bystanders that they are overshooting their mark. It is clear that they are making it impossible for the country to tolerate, except under the pressure of force, a style of government which casts so much discredit on the free institutions which it is supposed to represent. Never mind ; they will have had their fling ; they will have persecuted the Church ; they will have done something to poison the rising generation, and to advance the only cause they have really at heart—the cause of irreligion. For our part, we can never believe that the greatest Catholic country in Europe will be permanently abandoned to the ravages of such a herd of adventurers. But it is one thing to say this, and quite another to be able to point out from what quarter the deliverance will come. We may at least hope that it will come in the natural way—that the French Catholics will be forced, by the persecuting measures of the Government, to exert their real power at the polling booths whenever occasion presents itself. The situation is what it is at present, in great measure, from the fact that there does not exist at present a strong Catholic party in France who will accept the form of Government, and so be able to guide its policy in the path of justice and true freedom. Meanwhile, the discussion about the Ferry laws has produced a certain amount of good, and even if it should turn out that the Government is strong enough to carry the obnoxious Bill through the Senate, discussion on such a subject is sure to make certain points evident to the most cursory observer. We have had the speeches of M. Ferry and M. Paul Bert, and we see what they come to. All the old dunghills of calumny have been raked over again, and the result has been the reproduction of the same old charges, primarily invented by Calvin and his followers, then repeated by the Jansenists and the other enemies of the Society of Jesus, of all colours and classes, in all countries and times, answered and refuted over and over again, and now only possible in the mouths of the grossly ignorant or the deliberately slanderous. It has become evident that the enemies of Catholic education have nothing new to say. It is also evident that the real question is not as to the Society of Jesus and the other teaching orders of the Church, but as to Catholic teaching altogether. It is evident that the school is still the ground on which the defence of religion is to be fought, and that both

parties are agreed to fight the battle on the point of education by religious orders. It has also once more become clear—we write it with the most sincere joy—that the noble episcopate of France, tried by a thousand storms and rich in the experience of the most malignant assaults on the faith that have ever been made in any modern country, will not for a moment consent to the shortsighted and miserable policy of separating the cause of its own order and that of the secular priesthood in general from that of the religious congregations. The Society of Jesus, in particular, might almost, under existing circumstances, thank Heaven for the attacks made against it, since they have brought to it so glorious and overwhelming a witness of the love and esteem in which it is held by the French Bishops without exception. It was not, indeed, otherwise in France, even in the days of Louis Philippe, but it is still true to say that the union between the two branches of the French clergy has been very strongly cemented since the days of Louis Philippe. These are the results of the Ferry persecution, for which we may be already thankful. We could wish that they were better known in England than they appear to be. It is not unlikely, as we hope, that we may still see English Catholic opinion, and English opinion in general, pronounce more loudly than has hitherto been the case on the side on which all the interests of religion are arrayed. If this should take place simultaneously with a greater consolidation of the forces of the French Catholics against the present tyranny of a faction, the persecution of M. Ferry will not have been without its good fruits to the Church.

## II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Histoire de Sainte Angèle Mérici et de tout l'Ordre des Ursulines, depuis sa fondation jusqu' au Pontificat de SS. Leon XIII.* Par M. l'Abbe V. Postel. 2 tom. Paris : Poussielgue Freres, 1878.

IN a former paper in our present issue we have spoken of the beginnings in Ireland, in the course of the present century, of two religious Institutes, one of which has for its object the education of the female sex. It would be an interesting task to follow out the beginnings of that "Institute of our Blessed Lady," or of "the English Virgins," as it is commonly called abroad, from which, in a certain sense, both those Institutes sprang, and the very name of which is continued in one of them. But this interesting work must be left for the present, until we have more abundant documents than we as yet possess, as to the early years of the "English Virgins." Meanwhile, it may be useful, as an illustration of the subject of the beginnings of the movement in our own time for the end already mentioned, as well as on account of the intrinsic value of the subject-matter, to refer our readers to the two very elaborate and careful volumes which the Abbé Postel has lately published in France on the Life of St. Angela Mérici, and the History of the great Order of which she was the foundress. The life of the Saint is but a part of the first volume. The remainder of the work traces the labours of the Ursulines in various countries, both of the Old and New World, until the disastrous period of the French Revolution, and again, from that time to our own days. The Abbé Postel is already well known in literature, and any work from his pen was sure to have the merit of a careful and industrious collection of facts set forth in a clear and agreeable style. A better example of what such a work should be can hardly be given.

The Life of St. Angela Mérici is very unlike indeed to that of many of the modern "foundresses" who have trod in her footsteps. She did not begin with a fixed plan and carry it out. In her days the need for female education was as great as in our own, but it was not at once generally recognized. She lived through some of the worst days of the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, and in the midst of the many evils which followed on the exaggerations of the *Renaissance*. It

was a time when the frequentation of the sacraments was as little in vogue as the Jansenists themselves could have desired, and when ignorance prevailed largely even among women of good position. The form which her Order took was a development upon her own design, and she would probably have been greatly astonished, if she could have foreseen its very wide extension, and the high intellectual as well as religious results which it was to produce. The fact seems to be, that she came just at a time when there was an immense need for her work, and when souls were ready on all sides to join in an enterprize such as that which her Order undertook. The necessities of the Christian people made its success, humanly speaking, certain. We may compare her time, and that which immediately followed, to the period after the clean sweep which the French Revolution made of old institutions. The number of Congregations which then sprung into existence is surprising when considered in itself. It is not so surprising when we remember the fertility with which religious vocations arise in the Church, especially after times of tribulation and persecution, and the sort of necessity which presses on her to supply the wants of education and charity by the devotion to them of souls who are ready to make such needs their single object in life, for the love of God. This is the Church's way of dealing with such necessities—and it is not likely that the lapse of ages will discover a better.

St. Angela is an instance, moreover, of a Saint who has left behind her a very great work, of which she has only seen the first beginning, and who spent the greater part of her life in the preparation, the last few years only in the execution, of her providential task. She died at the age of sixty-six, and the First Chapter of her Institute was only held three years before her death. It had not yet received the approbation of the Holy See. This is the more remarkable, as she was drawn to the interior life and the exercises of piety and mortification on which the saintly character is built, from her earliest years. She was a very holy child, and her practices of piety and charity were not thwarted by her family, as in the case of St. Catharine of Siena. We find in her childhood the same anecdote which meets us in that of St. Teresa, of her running away from home with a sister to go and live as a solitary in a cave. Of course the children were followed and brought home. Angela was born at Desenzano, on the Lago di Garda,

in 1474. Her parents were pious, good people, but she lost them both before she was sixteen. After that she lived for a time with an uncle at Salo, and it was here that her attempt at the eremitical life took place. After the death, as it seems, of her uncle she returned to Desenzano, and began to live a life of extraordinary piety and austerity, being already considered a person of remarkable holiness. At the age of twenty-two she became a tertiary of St. Francis, and devoted herself, with some companions, to good works among her own sex. Keeping school for young girls was one of their occupations. They lived a sort of community life—"at least," says the Author before us, "they attempted a sort of collective apostolate." That is, they gathered together the little girls they could find, ignorant or deserted, they took care of them for the sake of the Infant Jesus, and taught them their prayers or the Catechism. They also attended on the sick, and invited others to pious conversations and conferences. Such were the humble beginning of the Ursuline Order—but all this was long before there was any question of a formal Congregation. But it is easy to understand how a woman, who devoted herself to work of this kind, became the object of honour and respect, and even of a certain *culte*, as if she were already a saint. It was not till 1516, and therefore in her forty-second year, that Angela first made any stay at Brescia, to which city she was introduced by some devout friends of hers, belonging to the place, who were in the habit of spending a part of each year at Patengo, a village close to Desenzano, and who had thus come to find out what treasures of comfort and edification were to be found in her conversation. Just after Angela's arrival at Brescia with them, they lost their only two children and were thrown providentially on her for their consolation. After a short time she also made the acquaintance of a rich merchant of the city, Romano by name, whose memory is preserved by the Ursulines as that of one of the great friends and benefactors of their Foundress.

From this time, Brescia seems to have become her chief place of residence for some years. She went on with work of the kind we have already mentioned, making also occasional pilgrimages to shrines in the neighbourhood. On one occasion she went to Mantua, to venerate the relics of Hosanna Andreasi, a woman of remarkable sanctity, who had not long before died, and with whom she had had some indirect communications.

The taste for pilgrimages seems to have grown upon her with years, for we find her in 1524, at the age of fifty, undertaking, in company with a pious cousin and some other friends, the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This was an occasion to her of much suffering and of the exercise of much faith. She lost her eyesight at Candia, on her outward voyage, and did not recover it till she reached the same island on her return. The next year she was at Rome for the Jubilee, proclaimed by Clement the Seventh, and the Pope thought so highly of her that he desired to retain her in the Holy City until he understood that her vocation was elsewhere.

The actual beginning of the Institute of the Ursulines dates from 1532, when Angela at length assembled some of her disciples at Varallo, and the work was started. The Congregation was to be devoted to prayer and action alike, and to these interior exercises was to be joined the education of young girls. The idea of St. Angela as to the community life and rule seems to have been in many respects similar to that of St. Francis de Sales, when he intended his religious to visit the poor and the sick, except that the Ursulines from the beginning chose education as their special work. But St. Francis had not intended, any more than St. Angela intended, to impose the life of cloistered seclusion on his religious. It was only after consultation, and after becoming aware of the difficulties which, at that time, were sure to oppose themselves to the approbation of any order of women whose rule did not include the law of inclosure, that St. Francis modified his plan. We have already said that after the death of St. Angela her Congregation was approved at Rome—but although that first approbation seems to have included the manner of living as in the time of the Saint, and as she undoubtedly intended that her Sisters always should live, that is, without inclosure, it was found necessary as time went on, and on account of the great spread of the Order, to change this.

We can say hardly anything about the greater part of this most interesting work, which is devoted to the history of the Order after St. Angela's death. Few indeed are the parts of the world in which the Ursulines have not laboured and flourished. If we were to select a portion of their annals more brilliant than the remainder, it might perhaps be that which relates to their services to the Church in Canada. But we have already said enough to recommend these volumes. As

was to be expected, the progress of time and the necessities of local government have broken up this great Order into various Congregations, all with the same spirit and object, though not united under one central government. It may fairly be questioned whether so widely spread an organization could easily be managed with a greater amount of centralization, or at least whether such centralization would confer on it any notably greater efficiency. It is said that St. Angela received a promise that her children would labour on in the Church until the end of the world. It is at all events not easy to imagine any condition of things in Christian nations in which the work of the Ursuline body could be dispensed with.

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2. *Les Inscriptions historiques de Ninive et de Babylone. Aspect général de ces documents, Examen raisonné des versions françaises et anglaises.* Par A. Delattre, S.J. Extrait de la *Revue Catholique* de Louvain. Paris: Ernest Leroux, 1879.

Any one who has watched with interest the progress of the Assyrian and Babylonian discoveries, which have been prosecuted this year with marked success, will wish to know how far it is prudent to trust the published translations of the cuneiform inscriptions. It is a well-known fact that the Egyptian hieroglyphics for many centuries resisted all scientific attempts to decipher them, although certain scholars in comparatively recent times pretended that they were able to read them easily. Even after the discovery of the Rosetta stone, it was still possible for adepts to invent opposite systems of interpretation. Many who are not conversant with the development of Assyrian and Babylonian studies have concluded that the cuneiform researches present similar difficulty. Their judgment is principally founded upon what they hear of the uncertainty attending the explanation of proper names, of the great number of the arrow-headed signs, of the various languages almost unknown to them, written in strange characters, &c. But curiosity, roused by the reports of the excavators and nourished by the hopes of great results for history and science, cannot rest contented with the first account of these antiquities. The interest once strongly excited must be fed by further reading until by degrees in the course of a short time the leading features of this new literature come to be sufficiently known. In the process of reading it is impossible not sometimes to compare different translations of the same inscription, and slight divergencies will

then be detected, inexplicable to those who are accustomed to more exact translations from the classical languages. By such steps the Rev. F. A. Delattre, S.J., came to compare in detail the existing Assyrian translations, and to publish in a separate pamphlet the results of his studies. When he was preparing an article upon the Chaldeans to appear in the *Revue des questions historiques*, and an article upon the two last chapters of Daniel to appear in the *Etudes religieuses*, he felt how necessary it was to possess an exact and trustworthy translation of the cuneiform records.

There exist many popular treatises in various languages on the history of the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, and some of them have already been quoted in this periodical, but we scarcely know one which states with such clearness and precision as the Rev. Father Delattre's new work the actual state of these studies for those who do not care to read large scientific works on the subject. We may compare it with the first trial of the accuracy of the Assyrian translations in the year 1857, when the Royal Asiatic Society examined the translations of the inscriptions of Tiglathpileser I. made by the four most renowned Assyriologists of that time, only with this difference, that the *Examen raisonné* carries us to the present time, and shows us the progress made quite recently in Assyriology. Although the author makes it clear in some passages that he is acquainted with the published Assyrian texts, he is unwilling to enter into scientific discussions on controverted passages, and intends simply to state the fact of the agreement or disagreement of the French and English Assyriologists, without betraying his own preference for either school. The attentive reader of this *Examen*, however, will probably receive the impression that the English scholars deserve the praise of greater exactness and faithfulness in their translations.

The arrangement of the work is well contrived to give a complete idea of the nature and structure of all the historical inscriptions. After a short account of the larger collections of cuneiform texts, the Rev. Father Delattre shows the extent of the historical inscriptions, which in the translation of M. Joachim Ménant occupy about three hundred pages in large octavo. Thus the Assyrian inscriptions far exceed in number and value the Phœnician inscriptions, but are surpassed by the Greek or Latin inscriptions, if not in value, at least in number. Among these inscriptions are several duplicates, often the same text

occurs three or four times, in one case we find even more than one hundred copies of the same inscription, which do not add anything to our historical knowledge, but are of use to decipherers on account of the variants of the characters and the synonymous expressions. Then the author compares the principal parts of an historical inscription according to the translation as given in the *Records of the Past* by the English school, and the French translation by M. J. Ménant in the *Annales des rois d'Assyrie, and Babylone et la Chaldée*. As M. Ménant has followed in the main the translations of M. J. Oppert, he fairly represents the French school. The first compared text, the invocation of the gods, which almost always forms the introduction of an historical inscription, shows a considerable disagreement in the details. Father Delattre puts in parallel columns the translations of the beginning of Tiglathpileses's I. inscription as given by Sir Henry Rawlinson and M. Ménant, and shows how the apparent disagreement might in some cases be easily explained; but as these parts of the inscriptions belong to the series of acknowledged difficulties, many translations still need further correction, and have not yet reached the perfection attainable. By comparing the corresponding parts of the records of Sargon, Sennacherib, and Assur-natsir-pal, the author concludes, that even in these the general meaning is correctly given. After this introduction follows commonly the record of the military expeditions. Long extracts are collated from the annals of Shalmaneser II., Assur-natsir-pal, and Assurbanipal, which show whatever variety the Assyrian style permits, although in general these inscriptions are very monotonous. The author is right in regretting that it is just the most interesting parts which are least accurately translated and least deserving of confidence; in some cases he suggests corrections which might give more exactly the meaning of the original text. There is no difficulty in the dry account of a campaign, all translators agree in the main facts, but nevertheless some expressions are always rendered differently, as *e.g.*, the word *palie* is given by some as "campaign," by others as "year." Only in a few instances historical facts may be altered in certain details by a different translation of the original, as *v.g.*, in the passage in the inscriptions of Assurbanipal, where the death of Saulmugina, his brother, is related; Father Delattre sees there a possible allusion to the murder of Sennacherib mentioned in the Bible. The statement of such a fact in the Assyrian annals, if its existence could be clearly

proved, would engage the immediate and eager attention of historians. But in the translations of speeches and descriptions the discrepancies are serious, and affect the entire understanding of a whole passage. The author thus expresses his opinion : *Le travail des savants anglais, qui est pénible, et rappelle, en certains endroits, celui des jeunes générations soumises au tourment salutaire de la version grecque, et singulièrement méritoire, et dénote une probité scientifique digne d'éloges.*

Another section of the chronicles describes the experiences of the Assyrian monarchs in the hunting-field. Some of these inscriptions are accompanied by fine and very expressive sculptures, real masterpieces of Assyrian art, by means of which the names of several animals can easily be identified ; but it is matter of regret that this opportunity of explanation has been too much neglected by most of our philologists. Only one passage of this kind is given by Father Delattre, the description of the hunting expedition of Tiglathpileser I., as translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson and by M. Ménant, and the chief divergencies occur in the names of animals. As this part of the narrative is of no historical value, few scholars have cared to examine it merely for the sake of solving zoological questions, and almost all have been amply satisfied with the general meaning of these texts. Of greater importance are the architectural descriptions of temples and palaces, because they describe the places where excavations were made, and give their ancient names. The technical expressions have their own special difficulties. The author collates the translations of the text relating to the buildings of King Sennacherib, as they are given by Mr. Fox Talbot and by M. Ménant, adding thereafter a short description of the buildings of Nabuchodonosor, who has left us the greatest number of architectural inscriptions.

These extracts represent fairly enough the principal part of all the historical inscriptions, which are found on prisms and barrel-cylinders in the foundations of temples or palaces. Most of them end with a petition to posterity to respect and to preserve these records, and a solemn warning to the effect that whoso shall injure or destroy them shall be cursed by the great gods, and his name "shall perish in the land." One of the best instances of this kind is the conclusion of the inscription of Tiglathpileser I., with regard to which the Rev. Father Delattre, on comparison of the translations of Sir Henry Rawlinson and

M. Ménant, finds only slight diversities, which do not affect the general significance.

This exposition is followed by a short comparison of the biblical account of historical facts, with the dry and monotonous report in the Assyrian annals. The Assyrian style is inferior in every respect to that of the inspired writer. Our sense of the monotony of the Assyrian inscriptions is partly due without doubt to the fragmentary state in which a few short remnants only of the Assyrian literature have come down to us, and partly also to our imperfect knowledge of the Assyrian language, but if we make every allowance for deficiencies, and construe in the kindest spirit the literary productions of the Assyrian mind, we may still say with justice that they not only never reached the sublime and highly poetical style of the Holy Scripture, but never even rose above the low level of prosaic Syriac. Our judgment, however, must be very incomplete as long as we do not possess so much as one of the larger compositions in its integrity, and have only epigraphs from the temples and palaces and official documents from the foundation-cylinders to guide us to our conclusions. We never could arrive at an approximate appreciation of the English language and literature if our only sources of information were the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, or the words inscribed round the base of the various statues in London. Nevertheless, in the absence of larger remains, even these scanty inscriptions conduce in a high degree to a better knowledge of the history and literature of the great nations of the East.

The Rev. Father Delattre gives as his final judgment, formed upon the *Examen raisonné*, that the translations of cuneiform texts are in the main correct, although not accurate in all details, but that still a great work has to be done in explaining with all attainable perfection, and throwing into proper form the materials hitherto collected in order to prepare the way for a thorough understanding of the historical inscriptions. If the author had been acquainted with the original clay tablets, he certainly would have added that some of the published texts need further revision and careful comparison with the original inscriptions, in order to eliminate certain mistakes into which some scholars have persistently fallen, from the date of the first efforts to the present time. He is certainly right in approving the tendency more recently manifested to bestow much labour upon bilingual lists, syllabaries, and dictionaries, because it

is only by the help of these that we can hope to be able to elucidate many difficulties which still lie in the path of the student of this interesting but fragmentary literature. In short, we may conclude with the author's words : *Puisque les traductions publiées se contredisent les unes les autres à chaque pas, il est évident que plusieurs d'entre elles contiennent des erreurs en grand nombre. L'Assyriologie, quoi qu' elle fasse, n'échappera pas à cette conclusion. Mais si, de ces prémisses, on inférait que les livres qui se donnent pour des histoires d'Assyrie d'après les monuments, méritent peu de confiance, on raisonnerait mal.*

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3. *A Treatise of the pretended Divorce between Henry the Eighth and Catharine of Aragon.* By Nicholas Harpsfield, L.L.D., Archdeacon of Canterbury. Now first printed from a collation of four MSS., by Nicholas Pocock, M.A. Printed for the Camden Society, 1878.

The accession of Mary Tudor to the throne of England on the death of Edward the Sixth was welcomed with sincere joy by far the larger portion of the nation. They were thankful to know that the party which for more than six years had tyrannized over the liberties of the people in the name of the boy-king was now broken up, and that an end had come to its treachery and its cruelty, its fraud and its oppression. With the exception of such of the upstart nobility as had secured grants of land from the suppressed monasteries and a few renegade priests who traded upon the excitement of the lower classes, the heart of England was true to the ancient faith which it had inherited from St. Gregory the Great through St. Augustine of Canterbury. The Lutheranism of Germany, the Zwinglianism of Switzerland, and the Calvinism of France, had as yet made little progress among the population at large; they had seen enough of it, however, to dislike it and despise it. The adventurers who had been ruling England in the name of Edward had taught men to understand something of the practical results of the so-called Reformation. They were now awaking from it as from a bad dream; and they believed that the daughter of Catharine of Aragon would restore those happier days when her father was loved and respected by a nation as yet untainted by heresy and schism and undefiled by the presence of Anne Boleyn.

One unsatisfied doubt, however, presented itself, and to a certain extent disturbed the quiet of Mary's loyal adherents.

She was in actual possession of the throne as the crowned and anointed Queen of England ; her people had rendered her loving and ready homage ; and her title had been sanctioned by the Holy Father. On these points there was no difficulty. Yet men's minds were troubled, and Harpsfield shall explain the cause. It was because "there remained abroad diverse books written as well in Latin as in English, containing much colorable matter to the defacing and defaming of the truth and of the honorable birth of our most gracious Queen and of her mother's marriage, whereby Dame Untruth hath hitherto made a glittering pretence of the great injustice and unlawfulness of the said marriage."<sup>1</sup>

To examine and refute these objections is the avowed object of the present treatise, and throughout the whole of it the author keeps close to the mode of treatment which, in dealing with the subject before him, he has laid down for himself. He discusses the great question of the divorce and the incidents connected with it just as those writers whom he is refuting had done before them. He follows them step by step, meeting each difficulty as it arises, and refuting each objection as it is advanced. As the difficulties and objections which these men had put forward were of a legal character, such of necessity is Harpsfield's answer. He considered that he was bound to unravel the arguments and to test the value of the authorities adduced against the honour of Queen Catharine and her daughter, in what form soever they might be proposed, and in whatever direction they might lead him. As a consequence, the value of the treatise to us, in our day and from our point of view, suffers very considerably. We do not care to read disquisitions upon the Moral Law, or the Law of Nature, or to inquire into the value of the authority of Johannes de Turre Cremata, or Antonine, Archbishop of Florence. The greater part of the work is occupied in examining technical questions and quotations of this sort, questions frequently taken from obscure authors, which have for us only a very passing interest ; while facts of the highest moment are introduced merely by way of illustration, briefly touched upon, and then quickly dismissed.

But here let us be just. We must not blame the Archdeacon if he consistently adheres to the subject which he proposes to discuss. We must not blame him for not doing what he never

<sup>1</sup> P. 13.

intended to do. It was necessary for the security of Queen Mary that the validity of her legal title to the throne of England should be legally established. This was the task which Harpsfield undertook to do, and he has done it in the volume for which we are indebted to the discriminating zeal of Mr. Pocock, supported by the funds of the Camden Society. There is an easy and a satisfactory answer to the objection that the treatise is legal and not historical, and that answer consists in the reply that the Archdeacon of Canterbury was too skilful a critic to blend together in one body two subjects which had no necessary connexion. He did not undervalue the historical argument; on the contrary, he fully acknowledged its importance, and was ready to assign to it its true position. This he did in another treatise, entirely distinct from the present,—a treatise in which the author deals as exclusively with facts as he here deals with arguments and inferences. Each of these two essays has its own independent value. When we examine them side by side we shall find that the one supplies that information on which the other is silent. In both we have the observations of a contemporary, a man of good sense, high position, and unsullied character. As such they demand our respectful attention; and now—limiting ourselves to the Camden volume—we shall proceed to bring some of them before the notice of our readers.

Throughout the whole of this treatise Wolsey is considered as the author, intentional or unintentional, of the divorce. But the idea which in the end seems to have become most dominant in the mind of Harpsfield was this, that Wolsey acted with deliberate malice; that he placed this temptation before the King out of his hatred to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, "whom he, of all princes, most maligned and hated, because he would not serve and content his immoderate ambition, aspiring to be made Pope." Yet while he wished to acquire a more absolute ascendency over the King by freeing him from Catharine, he had no wish that the royal profligate should contract an adulterous connection with Anne Boleyn, a disinclination which both she and her paramour were not long in discovering, and to their enmity the Cardinal's ruin is to be attributed.

The attempt of Henry to break off his marriage with Catharine is described by Harpsfield as being most unpopular. The idea of the sanctity of marriage had not yet been obliterated from the minds of the English people. "There was

nothing so common and frequent, and so tossed in every man's mouth, in all talks and in all tables, in all taverns, alehouses and barbers' shops, yea, and in pulpits too, as was this matter." At the beginning of the process some well liked and allowed it, but as it advanced and became better understood, "it almost universally was disliked, especially among the common people."

Upon more than one occasion Mr. Pocock has pointed out Harpsfield's great accuracy in regard to the quotations from the documents upon which he bases his narrative. In many instances the passage which he cites is given by him almost word for word from the original; and since many of the documents so quoted are no longer in existence, we are grateful to be able to refer to an authority so trustworthy.

The story of the divorce as told by the Archdeacon of Canterbury in the work now before us, fragmentary and unconnected as it is, possesses considerable value as the testimony of an eye-witness. Whenever the history of that event shall be written its author will have cause to thank Mr. Pocock for this important contribution to the literature of the period. Harpsfield tells us much which we should not have known but for himself. He shows us the depth of that degradation into which the Defender of the Faith had fallen; a degradation which was the result of the teaching and the example of the Doctors and Apostles of the Reformation. Of Cranmer the information is neither so copious nor so important as we might fairly have expected; but probably he reserved it for another opportunity. And the same remark holds good in reference to several other matters which it would be easy to specify.

The text is founded upon four manuscripts, to which at least two others might have been added, but which in all probability would not have contributed much to the critical value of the edition. The best by far is that which is in the possession of Charles Eyston, Esq., of East Hendred House, in Berkshire; and which Mr. Pocock has very wisely made the basis of his edition. New College at Oxford has preserved two copies, and a fourth belongs to the Grenville Library in the British Museum. The Hendred copy is derived, as we learn by an entry in it, from "a manuscript whose original was taken by one Topcliffe, a pursuivant, out of the house of William Carter, a Catholic printer, in Queen Elizabeth's days, and came to the hands of Charles Eyston by the favour of Mr. Francis Hildesley, R.S.J., in com. Oxon." The history of the unfortunate individual in

whose house the original treatise was found by the notorious priest-hunter, Topcliffe, is thus recorded by Bishop Challoner.

William Carter, a printer, for printing a *Treatise of Schism*, against Catholics going to the Protestant churches, in which a paragraph touching Judith and Holofernes, by a forced construction, was interpreted to be an exhortation to murder the Queen. He was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, January 11, 1584.<sup>1</sup>

The editorial work is done with Mr. Pocock's usual care and learning. We should not have quarrelled with him, however, had he annotated the text somewhat more copiously than he has thought it necessary to do. But possibly he may intend to reserve the results of his patient study of this subject for his own long promised "History of the Divorce," the appearance of which has now for some years been anxiously expected as likely to afford an exposition, at once truthful and scholarly, of this important episode in the history of our country.

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#### NOTICES.

4. *Ten Lectures on Art.* By Edward J. Poynter, R.A. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Poynter has collected into one volume these lectures on Art delivered by him chiefly in London, within the last few years. Although following a certain gradation of subject, they are not connected together as parts of a continuous treatise either on works of art, or on the principles of art in general. Still in their collected form they will repay careful reading, as being well written, and plentifully illustrated by descriptions of different paintings, and quotations of the opinions of approved artists. The introductory lecture on Decorative Art lays down as the two essential elements of beauty in constructive design, fitness for the purpose which the object made is intended to fulfil, and also good workmanship in making it. Then for decoration applied to construction to be beautiful, it must be both appropriate and well executed. A further development of ornamental design is that "in which the imitation or realization of Nature is the principal and most important aim of the artist, since truth is the essential of Beauty." Mr. Poynter goes on to maintain the closeness of the connection which binds together the Real and the Ideal in art, the latter being the highest expression of the former. Starting with these principles we see how necessarily follows bitter lamentation over the almost entire absence of appreciation for true art amongst ourselves, in the great bulk of our manufactures, and in our school of popular painting.

In his lecture on Old and New Art, Mr. Poynter opens out his

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, t. 160, edit. 1741.

point of difference from Ruskin when he asserts that our ideas and impressions of beauty are æsthetic, that is, are perceptions, through the senses or the intellect, of the outward qualities and necessary effects of bodies. "The typical qualities," he adds, "are not really inherent in forms of beauty, but exist in the mind of the spectator, which may be excited with equal readiness to their contemplation, by every form of art which professes to represent them." Ruskin, on the contrary, claims the impressions of beauty to be moral, and that good taste is essentially a moral quality, the chief point of difference lying in the word "essentially." For the whole argument we must refer to the book itself. More technical questions find place under the headings of Hints on the Formation of Style, the Training of Art Students, the Objects of Study, &c., and in the concluding subject—the Influence of Art on Social Life, the lecturer replies to some remarks recently made by Sir Henry Cole at Manchester. Mr. Poynter had stated that "we can never produce works of art by the substitution of machinery for hand labour, or expect that the decoration of objects of common utility by a mechanical process can ever have any artistic value." From this law he wishes especially to except patterns in which the most accurate repetition is necessary, as on a wall paper or chintz.

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5. *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By Lady Anne Blunt. London : John Murray.

The tract of country covered by these travels presents features of peculiar interest as marking out the course of some possible future railway, or line of river traffic to form a new overland route to India. In the light of amusing or varied reading the book itself suffers from that monotony of scene and daily life which must characterize a journey through desert and level regions, diversified chiefly by the ruins of past history. The principal subjects treated of are the distinctions between the different Bedouin tribes, the varied breeds and pedigrees of Arab horses, and a few leading physical points respecting the country itself and the character of its normal races. In connection with undertakings intended to improve the trade and importance, as well as general healthiness of the once flourishing city of Bagdad, the following estimate of the political abilities of Midhat Pasha may not be without interest. "That statesman, so singularly unhappy in his plans, was sent by the Sultan Abdul Aziz to try his prentice hand on Bagdad, before being allowed his way with Constantinople and the Empire." His first scheme was a good one. He wished to establish communication with Aleppo by the Euphrates, and so built several forts and sent for steamers from England; the former still exist, the latter have been either left to rot or have remained in an unfinished state. He laid down a tramway between the city and its suburb, and this still runs. He also levelled the walls of Bagdad with the ground, in imitation of Vienna and other European towns, thus exposing the city to the inroads of all the thieves, wolves, and Bedouins who might choose to enter. A still more disastrous idea

was that of excavating a huge canal, to rival the great irrigating works which once fertilized southern Mesopotamia. Instead of doing this, it only converted the country round into a huge swamp and Bagdad itself into an island. It is further narrated of Midhat Pasha that he retired from his rule without a shilling in his pocket, and had to leave his watch in pawn to pay the hire of horses for his homeward journey. In a postscript the editor of these two volumes discusses the question of a Euphrates Valley railway *versus* a line of river steamers, and decides in favour of the former, as being made both to pay its way, and to be of service during the summer as well as the more temperate months. But then, while helping to improve the communications between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, it would be of little use to India.

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6. *Thackeray*. By Anthony Trollope. London : Macmillan and Co.

A little before his death Thackeray begged of his daughters that no Life should be written of him, and this wish cannot be said to have been disregarded in the criticism of him, chiefly as an author, which forms one of a series of Short Books on English Men of Letters. We have here a remarkably successful delineator of character writing on one to whom he could look up as a master in the same subtle art, and handling his subject with all the care and delicacy of an admiring yet impartial critic. Mr. Trollope has done his work well and conscientiously. Each novel of the author is passed in review, and his varied merits as a writer of Ballads and Burlesques, and of lectures on *The English Humorists* and on *The Four Georges*, are touched upon in the same friendly yet candid spirit. Many persons are not so well acquainted with these, and therefore the chapters given to their discussion will be read with the interest of a new subject. By treating of Thackeray's style and manner of work, Mr. Trollope supplements in his last chapter the historical sketch with which he began his book, and introduces many excellent remarks of his own on what should be the aim and style of the true novelist.

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7. *Riding Recollections*. By G. J. Whyte-Melville. London : Chapman and Hall.

These anecdotes and reminiscences of the hunting field are skilfully arranged so as to form a complete treatise on the art of managing a horse. The value of this book to the true lover of field sports is that it contains a store of practical hints drawn from the personal experience and observation of one of our most practised horsemen, and therefore based on a thorough acquaintance with the different points in the instinct and disposition of an animal both noble and generous, as long as it is not mismanaged or abused. The aim of the writer is to bring the horse and his rider into the fullest and tenderest harmony of action with each other, so as to develop all the higher qualities of both. Many a venerable hero of the saddle here finds kindly and honourable mention.





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